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Things in General

THE University of Toronto Senate has decided that residences shall be built for the students. Four are to be erected, all within the University grounds, and the Senate is to be congratulated on this determination. Among the newspapers, SATURDAY NIGHT alone appears to have had a definite policy with regard to how this highest institution of learning in the province should be conducted, and has continuously maintained that the best education of students can be obtained only by their association in residence under all the conditions of domesticity which can be provided. It must be regretfully admitted that the domestic features of life in a new country are not always lovely or complete. In the struggles necessary to clearing the land, putting it in agricultural shape, and keeping it in crop, the necessities of life are sometimes neglected in favor of the frugalities and exigencies incident to money-saving and the utilization of every moment and dollar to paying off the mortgage or adding improvements to the farm. Even in urban life there is sometimes a roughness in the home domicile which, while by no means precluding genuine affection for parents and a general absorption in what is good for the whole family, does not make for what may be called culture. To obtain refinement and a higher level, those seeking to improve their status must associate in the domestic as well as the student way. Residence in boarding-houses—houses kept by people who are not necessarily or they would not seek this hard and hazardous mode of life—cannot possess the refinement of associate housekeeping in properly directed and official places of student domicile. That there is to be a change must be pleasing to those who hope that our University will some day have an output superior to a mere graduated class, officially entitled to teach or to begin other professions with certain bookish advantages.

Premier Whitney has assured the Alumni Association of the University that the whole organization shall be revised, with an idea of bettering the status, not only of the professors, but of the students. With this suggestion comes the apparently matured idea of governing the University by regents, few in number but thoroughly responsible to those supporting the institution. In speaking of the support of the institution, it must not be thought that the Government is by any means the mainstay of such a place of learning. The students themselves, whether undergraduates, members of the alumni, or as the parents of a growing generation, must be relied upon to say whether the University of Toronto shall be a great institution patronized by the whole people and believed in by the whole country, or whether it shall be merely an official mile-post which those desirous of eminence must pass, not with the highest benefit perhaps to themselves, but as a record giving them a place in the race for something else.

The Commission appointed under the old Government to report on the conduct of the present faculty has yet made no announcement. I understand that it will not be in the nature of a whitewash, while perhaps withholding peremptory criticism. The tendency of commissions to deal in generalities is notorious. If those in charge are not blameless, so it should be said with every definiteness of detail; if they have been guilty, even of obnoxiousness of those finer things which are supposed to belong to those educating the young men of the country, their misconceptions or derelictions of duty should be stated fully. Premier Whitney has promised to examine into the conduct of institutions similar in size and extent, and to bring our University up to the standard. The same saying, if it had come from Premier Ross, would have been more or less meaningless, for it was his wont to indulge in sweetly-spoken generalities.

NOW, as well as at any other time, it is perhaps becoming to admit that prior to the general elections in January I underestimated the good sense and capabilities of government which Premier Whitney has demonstrated since he has occupied the chief place in our provincial Government. Absolutely and unequivocally I opposed the re-election of the Ross Government, but with plainly stated belief that Mr. Whitney and his friends were probably incapable of doing anything more than demonstrating their inefficiency. I hold unchanged the view that not another moment could the Ross Government have been tolerated, but I accept the odium of the not uncommon mistake that the Opposition had not qualified themselves by a declared policy or a strong position on any public question, to undertake a government acceptable to the best thought of Ontario. Everything has been done by the new Government better than was expected. The old masters of the situation have been unhorsed; even the corporations seem unmistakably out of the saddle, the Government having already repudiated an arrangement made early in January for additional power to be developed by the Electrical Power Company. This grasping corporation, through auxiliary organizations, already has Toronto by the neck, and this distinct kick in the diaphragm will make it recognize that it does not own the earth and fullness of power thereof. The Whitney Government is showing the Temperance people that it can do much in the way of bettering the liquor traffic without any demagogic resort to spread-eagle resolutions and unworkable statutes. Altogether, I feel that I owe an apology to the gentlemen of the Opposition who are now members of the Government, for discounting their ability and intentions, and in this expression of approval of a common-sense and reasonable administration I feel that I am only voicing the opinions of those who read this page.

NO more alarming thing has recently appeared in the Canadian press than the editorial article of the *Globe* of Tuesday, the 9th inst., on "The Federal Expenditure." One cannot expect the chief organ of a government to suddenly swing into fierce denunciations of those for whom it has been in the habit of apologizing. Yet the *Globe*, speaking of what had been transmitted to it by its Ottawa correspondent, says that the financial statement of the Dominion for the first ten months of the current fiscal year "is not satisfactory." It also remarks that the expenditure during this period "has been \$6,535,024 in excess of the corresponding ten months of the previous year, while the revenue has increased by only \$401,795. Such a discrepancy cannot be regarded with indifference. Why should the expenditure of 1904 so much exceed that of 1903? The latter was not small. We may be sure that it will not be arrested unless the Government exerts itself most determinedly in that direction." The *Globe's* half-hearted apologies, none of which contradict in spirit what has been quoted, may be taken as read, yet the concluding sentence of the editorial is significant: "Parliament and the country look to Mr. Fielding to keep the brakes on, and it is because we believe that he is both cautious and thrifty that we ask him to study very seriously the present financial trend."

The extraordinary and apparently indefensible expenditure of over \$6,000,000 in ten months in excess of the same period of the previous year may seem trivial to those who do not think in millions. Those of us who think in dollars know that the extra expenditure of six or sixty dollars in ten months, with no proportionate increase of revenue, is a serious matter. To increase this to \$600 or \$6,000 would mean immediate calamity. For a province to burst out into the expenditure of \$600,000 in excess of an extravagant output and a revenue almost stationary, would create a clamor which no government could withstand. Viewed from these more customary standpoints, what must we think of a government which, in the face of a political crisis, checks out over \$6,000,000 more than in the previous period? Who is getting this money and what is it going for? If it were for obviously good purposes, why should the *Globe* not state the defensibility of the outlay? Is the Government so

busily looking for a majority for Coercion that money is no object; that bills of relief from parliamentary disability are trivial; that appointments to new Lieutenant-Governorships are a part of the expense of carrying an iniquitous bill; that new Senatorships, the arrangement of constituencies, and the hundred minor details involved in the seizure of educational dominance, are all features of the march of the Zouaves on Canadian liberties and the treasury of the Dominion? If these things are conspicuous at the beginning of an unwholesome, unpatriotic and impractical period, what will be the price of blackmail when Papal, political and private interests reassemble for the new assessment required to preserve a party which is in existence in opposition to the popular will? These and greater assessments will be made in every parliament until the next general election. In the meantime the thoughtful section of Canadians should not simply sit back agast, but engage in the fiercest sort of struggle that the general election shall be brought about within a year instead of within the years during which, if public opinion is quiescent, the present parliament will be entitled to sit.

THE *Star*—itself a marvel of pandering and time-serving—last week indulged in a column of sarcasm at the expense of Mr. Claude Macdonell, member for South Toronto. To the *Star* it seemed wonderfully out of place, yet amusing, that Mr. Macdonell should speak in favor of Separate schools and yet vote with his party in favor of the Borden amendment to the Autonomy Bill. Mr. Macdonell's oratorical and voting records are absolutely at variance. He took great pains to demonstrate that he believed in Separate schools and was a consistent Roman Catholic, and yet rushed into the arms of the Constitution to excuse himself for not doing politically what he felt was his duty religiously. As he is very well aware, he was not elected for religious purposes and might very well have dropped from such a speech as he desired to make, any reference to a matter which has no place in a State assembly. He felt that it was necessary to prove that the Constitution, by means of a remedial bill for which he proposes to vote, would take care of his co-religionists

seer of labor who regardeth not the one who is in place, the good of the business, nor the welfare of a man, but obstinately clings to a few favorites whose contentment is made superior to everything. The belief that this condition of affairs will continue beyond the period when the contract between Canada and Sir Wilfrid expires is surely based on the idea that Canadians are fools or that the Opposition is in every sense preposterous and lacking in the stamina which only great principles provide to either governments or oppositions.

IN grandiose rhetoric the *Star*, in an editorial on "London and North Oxford," cries out, "The King's government must be carried on." Quite so. What the people of this section of Canada desire is that the Government at Ottawa shall be that of the King, not of the Pope. Mr. Sharrett, the bishops, the Premier and the Quebec members apparently think differently, and their view appears to be shared by the Liberal members from Ontario and the other provinces. This view the *Star* is finding it hard to defend, and as the lonely journalistic sentinel of the Papal Zouaves in Toronto it is calling to the Opposition, "Halt, in the King's name!" If its position were not so scandalous it would be rip-roaringly funny.

In the article in question the *Star* frequently addresses itself to those who are "sulking in their tents." The phrase is not new, and its repetition must mean that there is much sulking amongst the *Star's* readers. Why else does that paper say, "Will we withdraw from the councils of the nation during the crucial quadrennium when the nation of the future is being created? These are the questions which will be before London and North Oxford, and not the school question at all." Who is talking about anybody withdrawing from the "councils of the nation," except Senator Choquette, who is reported by the *Star* itself as boasting that the French-Canadians had kept the British flag flying in this country, "but if the day came when they wanted it lowered, lowered it would be?" Commenting on this fool-boast, the *Star* pointed out the dreadful possibilities of Quebec desiring to be annexed to the United States, and of the Republic demanding the liberty of



A POLITICAL DORMOUSE.

I. Israel Tarte—Well, I have had a nice long sleep. It's about time I put my foot into something again.

while he was saving his neck as a political partizan. He obtained his nomination as a political partizan, and by favor of a man whose utterances have been entirely opposed to Mr. Macdonell on the religious question, yet the member for South Toronto should know that a nation cannot afford representatives who think only of their political and religious kinship when called upon to give a decision in a matter of national importance. That Mr. Macdonell has failed to loom up in the House of Commons larger than a ward politician should be remembered by those who have no interest in his political or religious sectarianism. He has failed to demonstrate himself a man of size entrusted with public business. Reduced to ordinary phraseology, Mr. Claude Macdonell has shown himself to be of that cheap variety of men with an ambition to wear M.P. after their names without overloading themselves with any responsibility which has not directly to do with the continuance of their names on a parliamentary division list.

Mr. Lewis of West Huron, who appears to have traded off his right to have an opinion on the Autonomy in return for a bill of relief saving him from expulsion from the House of Commons, is another of these cheap parliamentary Johns. Yet what must we think of a Minister of Justice who inserted extraordinary terms which had to be eliminated from the Autonomy Bill, putting through a bill of relief for a political opponent on such terms? Yet rumors which I have not heard denied assert these things to be true! Then, again, there is Mr. McIntyre of South Perth, who voted against the amendment and appeared to be anxious to vote against the second reading, but failed to walk the invisible wire at the psychological moment. Obviously Mr. McIntyre was hunting with the dogs and running with the skunk, desiring to be popular with both pursuer and pursued, and yet wearing, as a result, nothing smarter than the perfume of the latter. His principles must be of a very weak and colorless variety when neither they nor his voice could be detected by the Clerk of the House till after the animal was cornered.

These are types of the men being elected to enforce, reinforce or construct the basis of a Canadian nationality. These time-servers, trimmers, botches and bigots, feel no sense of responsibility except to those who can be persuaded or bought to vote for their re-election. Canada thought it had a forerunner on the job in Sir Wilfrid Laurier who would see that good work was done. The disappointment felt at his recreancy is neither racial nor religious, but simply that disappointment which is experienced by the man who finds in his shop an over-

that province to sever its connection with Canada. This is not only rubbish, but suggestion of a pestilent sort. Quebec will never seek to leave Canada and the privileges she enjoys with the respectful consent of all the people, to become a State in the Union, the Constitution of which forbids absolutely what Quebec demands and is now receiving. The United States, on the other hand, so greatly dreads the power of the Hierarchy that it has never had a Roman Catholic President, and I can remember no one who was of that religio-political creed who ever got so far as even to be the official candidate of any political party. The United States press recognizes the fact that Quebec would be the only solidly Roman Catholic State in the Union, and as such would become the nucleus of a creed organization already so strong and threatening as to bring itself into notice. If Quebec thinks about Annexation, which it does not, it only needs to turn its eyes to the Louisiana Purchase, the centenary of which was celebrated last year, and see how infinitesimally little of either the dominance or the language of France remains in that great section—a section which has no "privileges" nor exemptions not enjoyed or permitted by all other States in the Union.

The Zouave politicians are evidently getting frightened, or their Ontario organ would not be declaring that withdrawal from the councils of the nation will be the question "before London and North Oxford, and not the school question at all." If those who loyally believe, in those constituencies, that "the King's government must be carried on" without the aid of the Vatican, do their duty, the school question as relating to the Autonomy Bill will be discussed, and mighty little else.

THEIR organ in Toronto is pleased to announce that a "meeting of bishops and archbishops in Montreal decide not to embarrass the Government until after clauses pass the committee stage." After they pass the committee stage the row may be expected to begin; having got all they could in the first round, fierce efforts will doubtless be made to get more, and it is doubtful if a government which has given itself into the keeping of the Hierarchy will not be bullied and intimidated into further concessions.

QUEBEC did not get its way in the Riel matter, and yet it stayed in the game. Quebec did not get its way in the Manitoba school matter, and yet it stayed in the game. Quebec is not getting its way now, and yet it will stay in the game.—*Star* editorial.

And what, might it be inquired, is the "game" in which

Quebec is staying so persistently? Is it not the game of running its own province absolutely, and the educational affairs of the Dominion as far as it is permitted? Is it not well for Confederation that Quebec "did not get its way," and would it not be better for the Dominion if it dropped the "game"?

A TRADES Union of the Sheet and Metal workers variety was sued by a manufacturing concern to obtain costs in a lawsuit which the Unionists lost. The Master-in-Chambers last week decided that the funds at the credit of the Trades Union, which were ample to cover the costs of a suit won as against the Union, were not liable to be attached for law costs or anything except the beneficial purpose for which they were subscribed. This decision is absolutely at variance with those delivered in Great Britain which made the Union an entity responsible for the acts of its members. It is to be hoped that the action will be continued further until a judgment is obtained making a Trades Union responsible not only for the cards it issues, and the work done and machinery used, but for the conduct of its members in times of strike or agitation.

It must be nearly ten years ago that I wrote a paper on this subject which was read in New York and elicited the unanimous approval of the employers who heard it. My stand was not taken in opposition to unionism, for I believe that it, like everything else, has its place, and has already contributed very greatly in establishing the status of men employed as against the not unnatural exactions of employers. Like everything else, good movements reach their limit. The combination of employers as Trusts has become the most serious menace even to a supposedly well organized republic like the United States. The combination of employed men as Unionists has become almost as great a menace to progress and prosperity in the United States and Canada. Allied, these Unions become a great Labor Trust. Sympathetic strikes, fierce in action and thoroughly indefensible as to any direct cause, rend communities, and even enormous cities like Chicago, in twain, and armed policemen and non-unionists carrying deadly weapons seem to become an absolute necessity. If it be demonstrated that the laws of the United States and Canada do not make Unions responsible for their actions, where is this sort of thing to end? An employer is not allowed to take on a new hand unless he has a card from the Union that dominates his shop. The Union settles what pay is to be given the employee; arrogates to itself who the employee shall be; settles the hours of his work and the conditions not only of his payment, but of his labor. The employer who accedes to these preposterous conditions has no guarantee that the man given to him is either sober, honest or competent. The man who forces his way into a shop with a Union card may get drunk and throw a monkey-wrench into a machine which will damage, perhaps irreparably, something that cost his employer ten or twenty thousand dollars; but neither he nor the Union to which he belongs is responsible for this vandalism. Worse still, the reckless employee can collect wages not only for the time the machine is idle if the terms of his employment extend beyond the hour, but can also exact payment for the time during which he damages material passing through the injured machine. The absolute injustice, the glaring cursedness of such a state of affairs, cannot but be plain to every reader, even though he has never had occasion to hire a man to do any work more serious than clean off his sidewalk.

One of the regrettable features of our degenerate parliaments is the fear in which they hold organized labor, a condition of things only comparable to the fear in which these one-horse politicians hold organized religion. It cannot be denied that these same cheap capitalists who hold political positions are afraid of organized capital, but it is to be regretted that it is not fear of punishment in the case of moneyed corporations which influences them most, but fear that they may lose the payments that those seeking legislative favors protecting capital are so able to distribute, which does the damage. It would almost seem that the time is coming, if it is not already here, when inner organizations of the community, sentimentally resented by the mass, will so thoroughly control legislation that those not included in the favored bunches will be under the wheels of a Juggernaut so cruel as to frighten individuals personally desiring to resist. The absolute cowardice displayed by those who are continually dodging around legislative and litigious street corners in order to evade somebody or something which will hurt them, is disheartening. Yet it is possible that the indignation of individuals will some time aggregate sufficiently to put up a decent fight.

MR. SUTHERLAND'S bill, introduced in the Legislature, has not yet reached my hand, but a correspondent tells me that it provides that a man with an automobile shall not meet or pass another carriage on the road without entirely stopping, waiting until the occupants of the other vehicle beckon him to go on. Such a law seems too preposterous to find a hearing even in a provincial parliament. As my correspondent says, "A doctor or professional man using his automobile for business purposes would be absolutely prevented from counting on completing his trip within a set time, as he would be required to stay absolutely motionless on the side of a road until any driver with an aversion to the automobile chose to let him pass. But this is not the worst feature of the bill. It provides that even after all these precautions, if any accident happens, the automobilist is guilty unless he can prove himself innocent. I know of no precedent for a law of this kind in connection with any British institution. It is one of the foundation principles of British law and equity that a man is innocent until he is proven guilty. This law would reverse everything that is traditional in British institutions, by making a man guilty unless he can prove himself innocent. The Legislature owes it to itself to promptly reject a measure of this kind, but if further measures are required for the limitation of speed on the highways by drivers of automobiles, I will be in favor of such legislation being adopted; but my opinion of the speed at which automobiles should be driven is in line with that being now accepted in Paris, France, a city which has had more experience with automobiles than perhaps any other city in the world. The municipal council there is about to enforce automobile regulations much more liberal than any United States legislation. The speed maximum will be abolished and the movement of the automobiles will hereafter be regulated by the amount of traffic in the streets. Under the new regulations the permissible speed of automobiles within the city limits will vary according to circumstances. The municipal council takes the view that speed which is dangerous to traffic in the busy thoroughfare is objectionable elsewhere in the city or in the open country."

This view of automobile legislation is so absolutely just and reasonable that I can find no fault with it. When the bicycle first came in it irritated people to have a bell rang for them to get out of the road, and bicyclists were reckless and impudent in their demand for right of way. Some automobilists seem to think that because they have a machine they have a right to the entire face of the earth, but this will soon wear off, and as the auto has come to stay we must be prepared, as in the case of a railroad crossing, to "beware of the cars." Of course there are a great many pedestrians and people using horses as compared with the small number of automobilists, but in this world nobody has any special right to the highway whether it be a foot or in a ten thousand dollar automobile. One must pay attention to the rights of another, no matter how different their positions may be, and legislation of a reactionary character should be avoided. Probably there is not a farmer of middle age who does not recollect the runaways and serious accidents that occurred when steam-engines for threshing purposes first began to appear in the roads. No one would think of preventing these

engines moving about, yet at one time serious efforts were made in that direction.

THE question has been raised whether the Toronto police have not been at fault in permitting a dark-skinned and sporty stranger who has been fluttering on the edge of society, the lower paddocks of the turf and the upper walks of fraud, to remain in the city, knowing, as it appears the police have known, that his record in other places was distinctly bad. It has been openly stated in the press that this person passed himself as a count in a Southern city, and was addicted to eloping with other men's wives and money, and was "shady" in other respects. Unless the newspapers are misinformed, there are a number of women in Toronto who would be better off not to have known him. The particular occasion which gave rise to the present discussion seems to have been the gaily with which he touched someone who ought to have known better, for a couple of thousand dollars. The "raise" was made by means of an advertisement, yet when the victim of the scheme saw the advertiser—coming as he did to this city to look after his money—he practically gave up hope of getting it as he noted the dress of the sharky sport. Unless the facts have been misrepresented, the police had an obvious case where their "move on" policy should have been put in force. Sometimes when two or three citizens stand on a corner talking over politics or the baseball game, a policeman butts in and gives them the "move." How is it that this loud sport has been permitted to work his graft in the city unmolested except on one occasion when he failed to settle with the hotel, fell sick, and was arrested, but helped out by some of the soft-hearted of that particular variety perhaps slow to help anybody who really needs assistance? Surely we have hawks enough of our own bringing up without permitting wandering vultures to find a roosting place among the dove-cots and sporting sillies scattered between the Humber and the Don.

SOME ladies have appealed to me on behalf of a charity movement which appears to be of a most deserving sort. Toronto, with its many eleemosynary institutions, seems to lack a place where helpless but self-respecting old people can be grouped and cared for at the least possible expense to themselves or the community, and yet with something approaching simple comfort and privacy. We all know how Old Country people hate the workhouse—pronounced by many "wurkus," but hated and feared by all alike. It is not proposed to establish anything of the sort, though some civic institution should exist to keep the fang of the wolf and the pinch of the weather from the hearts of the old who are now made choose between the House of Providence and the jail. For a number of months these ladies, who are engaged in mission and charitable work, and are as far removed as one can conceive from either grafting or the snobbery of charity, have had in view a co-operative movement looking to the housing of the aged and poor who are not suspected of viciousness, and giving to each old person or old couple a room to themselves and the possibility of sufficient sustaining food. Nearly all those who are old or infirm have some slight capability of taking a share in caring for some other person whose infirmity is dissimilar to their own. Already they have an old woman almost blind looking after a woman who is crippled, the eyes of the cripple supplying the lack of the one who is strong, and together they get along fairly well.

The kindly women interested in this affair have numerous and painful tales to tell of the terrible poverty and distress that they find amongst those too proud to beg, and they are convinced that a small amount contributed from the plenty of those who are good-hearted but too busy to hunt up the deserving poor, would make the concluding days of several score old people much more endurable than they are at present. They tell me of families who desire to place aged and decrepit servants in a home of some sort, and yet can find nothing suitable; of people who have relatives to whose support they are willing to contribute, but whose means and facilities will not permit them to take personal charge, and of dozens of cases the wants of which the present charities do not meet.

While talking of the present charities and of large boards of management and the ostentatious systems of red tape which preclude general usefulness or acceptance, I feel bound to say that I would take no interest in advocating the addition of another institution to the list unless I felt convinced that it would be looked after by a few big-hearted and strong-minded women who know what they are trying to do, and are as gentle in their ideas of philanthropy as they are strong in methods. I am assured that it is not proposed that the management shall be undertaken by a board composed of people who lend their names but not their personal supervision to the work. The worst managed institutions in Toronto—and I have

a particular one in view—are those with big lists of prominent people as members of the board, but which are run by two or three designing persons whose honesty and gentleness are both under suspicion. We should either take care of our aged poor or kill them. Unless they are fairly well cared for I should prefer to see them chloroformed; we none of us know when it will be our turn either to hunt up the drug-store or the poorhouse in a final settlement of the problem. Those who think it their duty to help care for their own poor and for those who are known to be indigent for the same reason that they are aged—because they cannot help it—might send me their names, together with a suggestion of how they are prepared to help and to what extent, and I will hand all these communications to the women who have appealed to me, and I can assure my readers that the chief promoter is one of the best known and respected workers in charitable movements in Toronto.

THAT the feeling is prevalent that government of any kind is a bore and a thing that no one should have a hand in who can evade it, is made evident by the tax list, which shows that young men who should be the hope of the Dominion are dodging taxation, though their direct share is only a dollar a head. The payment of the poll tax in Toronto, in spite of the increase of population, is diminishing to a scandalous extent. Ten years ago it was considerably over ten times as great as it was in 1904, every year showing a great decrease. In 1894 it was \$5,156, and in 1904 \$435. The young men who are dodging this tax may think it specially smart, yet one cannot but pity those "chappies" who in the full strength and ambition of opening manhood take pains to evade their share of paying for police protection and everything that makes citizenship in this country comfortable and safe. They may think that they are clever in dodging this tax, whereas they are simply proving themselves as contemptible as if they were slinking away without paying a wash-bill. Probably the same chaps, if they were in a bar-room, would spend much more than the price of the poll tax in "keeping up their end," even if it required the taking of drinks which they knew they did not need, and might probably put them in a position which would require the protection for which they fail to pay. We often hear of the bad results of not having the Bible in our Public Schools; I think the poll-tax-exhibit demonstrates forcibly the disastrous absence from "the Street" of some notion of public morality, of the duties of citizenship, and of the co-operative responsibilities of organized society. No one should expect to be protected and have the advantages coming to those who co-operate that just laws shall be carried out and necessary limitations enforced, who refuses to put up the pittance required. I have heard young chaps boast that they never paid the poll tax, but never heard it without contempt.

Perhaps there is a very large lesson in this for Canadians as a nation. We obtain the naval and police protection of Great Britain and dodge our share of the payment. It rather seems as if we had a disgustingly low idea of our responsibilities both personal and national. The theory and impulse of meanness shines out distinctly in the poll tax feature; probably in a national sense we appear as distinctly mean and contemptible to those who look at the world with eyes grown accustomed to large figures and large duties.

UNFORTUNATELY perhaps for morality generally, the trial of Nan Patterson for the alleged murder of her paramour has occupied the front of the stage in the journalism of not only the United States, but Canada. A morning paper which has suppressed none of the details of the trial, confesses that an injury to society must be the result of enlisting the sympathies of the millions of readers of the daily press in the vicissitudes of a courtesan whose life, as the mistress of a married man, ended in either his suicide or homicide. The view that this young woman of apparently unformed character, because she lived in illegitimate relations with a bookmaker, whose ideas of morality can be guessed by his profession, should be made more than usually responsible for the accident or incident of the murder, is uncharitable. We should no more judge the woman, who was apparently taken from the vaudeville company to share the joys and sorrows of a man who lived by his wits, as a courtesan, than we should judge the man, who was apparently well married and possessed of wealth, as being of unusual degeneracy and entitled to no consideration. By all accounts the woman was young and attractive; the man middle-aged and experienced. If an illicit relationship between two such people is to be brought into account, the woman should have the benefit of the accounting. A well married man with sufficient income, absolutely free in his amusement resources, should think twice whether he takes on an encumbrance of the Nan Patterson type or not. The records of criminal and civil courts have shown for many generations the difficulty of unloading what the man esteems a chance acquaintance. The "chance acquaintance" is apt to have a financial or sentimental estimate of the partnership which even one with the nerve of a bookmaker finds hard to satisfy. In the case in point Caesar Young was killed during the trying period when the young vaudeville actress was being sent about her business and the bookmaker in a few hours was to sail for Europe with his wife. The whole business of proclaiming this to the young people who read the newspapers is bad—inexcusable bad—and no reference to it would appear here if every reader of newspapers had not already been fully informed and the sympathy of every onlooker enlisted either for or against the alleged murderers. At this stage of the proceeding I thoroughly agree with a prominent woman journalist who has given her views to the New York papers, that the courts of New York might be better engaged than in trampling the life out of a girl incapable of a deliberate plan to kill, while permitting thugs swindlers and criminals of all sorts to escape just punishment by reason of wealth and influence. There is no reason, as the case appears to me, why the State should be specially interested in settling even a fatal feud between a man and his mistress while it overlooks the derelictions of duty and the criminalities which most vitally affect the well-being of the whole country. A man who kills a burglar is held free from blame because the burglar has no business to be in the situation which proves fatal. So, passing over all moral considerations, it seems to me disastrous that unusual efforts should be made to convict a woman who esteems herself, even if guilty of killing a man, as in some way defending herself. If men and women are to find a moral of any kind in this sort of literature, it is that those who keep out of bad company and illicit relationships will probably never be concerned in such a trial as has won sympathy for Nan Patterson, even though the majority may believe in her guilt and yet condone her crime. Guilt, like everything else, is a relative term, and it seems to me a jury is always quite right in determining whether the guilt of the one killed, by reason of being in the position in which he met death, is not equal to or in excess of that of the one accused of pulling the trigger.

THE friends of Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., are sincerely anxious that he shall not enter the Cabinet or be put up as a target in North Oxford. Mr. Aylesworth is looked upon as a coming man in Canada, and should reserve himself for a time when his entry into public life will mean a great opening for good and patriotic work. That moment is not now. Should he be a candidate in Oxford he will probably be beaten, which would not be so serious a fate as to be elected and become identified with a bunch of discredited politicians.

THE rumor that Schwab, more or less discredited by ship-building projects in the United States, had obtained a commission from Russia to provide a new navy, passes like all other war stories, whether denied or not. Argentina has officially denied that it has sold its navy to Russia, though the report was that that country and Chili had both parted with their warships. Possibly the average reader may not understand what an extraordinary advantage would be gained by Russia if such a deal had been consummated. Ever since its war with Peru, Chili has been aggregating a great navy—a navy which the captain of a British man-of-war in the port of Callao told me was amply sufficient to drive both the United States and Great Britain from all their Pacific stations. The rivalry between the two republics, both of which have an extensive coast, for the possession of a dominant navy, was a continuous and almost insupportable expense until the time of the American-Spanish war. Every time Chili added a warship to her navy, Argentina bought another, and presumably a better one. In this way two very considerable navies were cultivated by the two greatest powers of South America. If by any chance these countries, which appear to have arrived at a peaceable understanding, were to

agree to part with their navies to Russia, that country would at once be put in possession of ships capable, if properly manned, of putting Japan's navy out of business. It is absolutely ridiculous to presume that Argentina would sell its navy unless Chili did the same. As the period does not appear to have arrived when the lion and the lamb will lie down together without one being inside the other, I doubt if the story is true; for no matter how governments might agree upon a certain line of action, the mutual sale of the navies would appall, and perhaps arouse to revolution, the people of two countries which never did, and perhaps never will, love one another.

THE police raid on the "Canadian Fishing and Sporting Association," Toronto Junction, should mark the end of what everybody recognizes as a pestilent pool-room. As the Toronto Junction Recreation Club the place was closed out some time ago by the Ontario Government, but re-opened with a Dominion charter, evidently believing that it could continue to defy the law. When the police made the raid, according to the *Globe*, eleven men were arrested and the names of 170 others taken by the police. The interest taken at the Junction in "sporting and fishing" must be considerable, and the gay spirit of the frequenters may be appreciated by the additional phrase, taken from the *Globe*, "The sum of \$389 was taken, which it is doubtful if anyone claims." It is said that private detectives have been watching the play and that a good case has been made out. The *Globe* is also fair enough to say, "Probably no raid was ever carried out more successfully. The arrests are the outcome of an investigation ordered two weeks ago by Premier Whitney after the matter of the alleged pool-room was referred to in the Legislature." The new broom, wielded by the new Premier, seems to be finding places which urgently need to be swept.

AS a Milesian friend of mine used to say, I am not very handy with my feet, and every day I am reminded of the fact by stubbing my toe against uneven sections of stone sidewalk and the coverings of area openings projecting above the level of the footway. Possibly the question of damages arising from injuries caused by these projections has never been decided in Canada. If not, some law should be passed making the city responsible for the tripping-places it allows on its most prominent streets. After a stone pavement has been in position for years and the frost should be no longer a factor in its displacement, projecting blocks should either be reset or the edges of them chipped to reduce, if not remove, the danger of stumbling. At crossings, of course, where the level changes, people must take care, but when they see a straight and apparently level piece of street ahead of them they certainly should be privileged, after so large a sum has been spent for the pavement, to walk as if no traps were set for their feet. Not long ago a lady was severely hurt by tripping on the edge of one of these large blocks, and since I have suffered myself I have made inquiries and have heard of many accidents, principally to the old. It is bad enough for Toronto to possess some of the worst plank sidewalks on earth; it is inexcusable that the stone pavements should be left in such a condition.

DR. SMELLIE, M.P.P. for the Lake of the Woods, discussing a railway bill in the Legislature, said of one Joshua Dyke "that he was not a gentleman, but a retired Methodist minister." The reporters did not take it as a joke, but gave out the news indicating that Dr. Smellie had made an unhappy if not odious comparison between gentlemen and Methodist ministers. The Doctor, of course, saw that this would injure him with the religious denomination concerned, and he arose in the House and made an ample if not an abject statement, in which he is quoted as saying "nothing was further from his thoughts than to reflect in any way upon Methodist ministers. He himself was the son of a Methodist minister, and for five generations back his forefathers had served the Lord in the ministry." He also stated that he could say "without equivocation or mental reservation" that "every minister was a gentleman in the highest and truest sense of the word, although every gentleman was not a minister." Dr. Smellie is evidently more "skeered" of preachers than I am, for I can say "without equivocation or mental reservation" that I have known a number of ministers who were not ordinarily taken or mistaken for gentlemen. I have a distinct recollection of hearing a prominent clergyman, at that time probably the head of his denomination, urging a graduating class of theological students to endeavor first of all to be gentlemen, and lamenting that so many in the profession failed by their manners, their lack of charity and consideration for others, "to make a decent pretense of being gentlemen." Without doubt the majority of ministers are gentlemen in the best sense of the word, but it must make even the preachers themselves tired to hear such guff from a member of the Legislature. Sweeping statements are often dangerous and generally silly, but Dr. Smellie might have been still further from the truth if he had said that all members of the Legislature were gentlemen, or even men of good sense.

IT is difficult to understand how business people in so short a time could have lost so much money as the liquidation of the People's Café, Limited, shows that enterprise to have dropped. As an evening paper in its report of the affair says, "The financial statement shows that the philanthropic venture was deplorably mismanaged. The citizens who lent their names to the project have lost \$7,500, and there are about \$3,000 in outstanding claims, of which over one-half are amounts under \$100. The entire receipts from the disposal of the assets were \$816.87, which were barely more than sufficient to pay the rent and incidental expenses." This is a disastrous showing for what, properly managed, might have been made self-supporting. "The citizens who lent their names" evidently did not lend much of their time, attention or business experience to seeing how the thing was being run, and more than one philanthropic institution in this city to which people are "lending their names" is being mismanaged, though on a less disastrous scale. The prominent citizens connected with the People's Café venture meant exceedingly well, and their personal affairs are well managed, and the honesty of their methods is being shown by the board assuming personal liability and raising enough money to pay the debts which never should have been let run. So far so good; but one smash of this sort is enough to make generous people afraid of handing out money to philanthropists to use, and harm is done to worthy institutions. This harm can be offset and turned into good if some of the other "boards" in Toronto to which people have "lent their names" start in and do a little investigating.

THE financial statement submitted at the annual meeting of the National Club indicates the prosperous condition of probably the most essentially Canadian organization of its kind in the Dominion. The spirit which gave birth to the club is no longer considered advanced, and some at least of that national spirit which has had such rapid growth throughout the Dominion can be traced to the initiative of the club members, and the influence of the original propaganda of Canadianism. The club's hospitality to distinguished visitors when opportunity is given for direct expression of opinion on pertinent questions of public concern, has been one of its most distinguishing features. The completion of the arrangements for the erection of a new club-house in Bay street indicates the manner in which it keeps step with the growth of Toronto and the Dominion.

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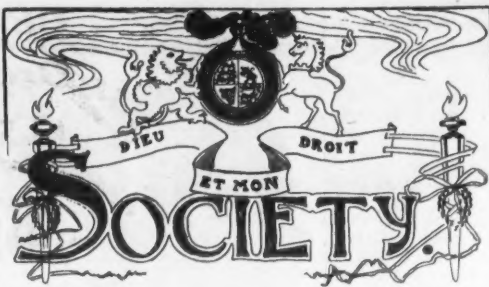
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THE announcement that His Excellency and the Countess Grey will entertain largely during their stay at Glen Stewart seems curious, as they are the guests of the Jockey Club, and I should not suppose they would do so, though a garden party and some small dinners may be on the tapis. The distinguished visitors will arrive in Toronto next Saturday morning from Ottawa. They will drive in state to the races in the afternoon in time for the first race, but will not be present at the directors' luncheon, although they are expected to accept the hospitality of the club several times during the meet when not driving down in state. The drive through the grounds of Glen Stewart to Balsam avenue, at the east end of the Jockey Club enclosure, is of exquisite beauty, a delight to the heart and eye, and the state coach will enter the enclosure at the east gate and come past the public lawn along the track to the members' lawn, so that the whole concourse of people will get a glimpse of viceregal *en grande tenue*. The idea of a residence at Glen Stewart came, I believe, from the viceregal brain, and is the most charming possible for the Grey entourage. The people of the east end are delighted, and no doubt the beautiful environment of the temporary home of Lord and Lady Grey will afford them much pleasure. The drive through the grounds, instead of being a dusty pilgrimage from the city, will be a daily treat, and our best wishes are with His Excellency and his party that this visit may be a "red letter day" in their Canadian experience. I understand that both our distinguished guests-to-be love the country; therefore they will thoroughly enjoy Glen Stewart.

Lord and Lady Minto and Lady Eileen Elliot came down from Minto House, Hawick, to London, this week, and the Ladies Ruby and Violet Elliot, who have been studying Italian and art in Florence and Rome, joined them at their home in Audley street for the season.

His Excellency, the Countess Grey and their party will spend some time here during the races, which open next Saturday with the directors' luncheon and that historic event, the race for the King's Plate, as the chief number on the afternoon's programme. The various "likely ones" are receiving marked attention, and already many a man and woman has made up as to which will first pass the judge's stand. Unfortunately there are many horses and many minds and only one of each can be right.

During the viceregal visit His Excellency will be the guest of the Ontario Jockey Club, and will occupy Mr. Ames's country house, Glen Stewart, on the road from the Woodbine to the Hunt Club, a road which will be very much travelled after the races begin. Owing to the attraction on every day at the Woodbine, no round of festivities or shower of addresses will be the fate of His Excellency and his party, and for the cessation of the latter the viceregal pair will, no doubt, be devoutly thankful.

The engagement is announced of Miss Annie Stewart Burnham, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zachaeus Burnham of Peterboro', to Mr. George Winlo Nickels of Toronto. The wedding will take place the last week in June.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne returned from the South a few days since, and Mr. and Mrs. Osborne will sail for England on the twenty-fifth of this month.

Mr. Alphonse Jones, who has been seriously ill for nearly three weeks, took a turn for the better early this week, and his latest reports are satisfactory.

A very interesting and useful enterprise is well under way concerning the systematic beautifying of this city, and the Toronto Guild of Civic Art is issuing circulars to all likely to respond, asking for pecuniary assistance to carry out the scheme evolved. Colonel Pellatt is president of the Guild, Professor Mavor and Mr. R. Y. Ellis are vice-presidents, Mr. J. P. Hynes treasurer, and Mr. W. Ford Howland, 28 Toronto street, is secretary, and will receive subscriptions. The members of the Advisory Board are: Mr. Allan Cassels, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., Dr. Edward Fisher, Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. George Dickson, Mr. J. A. Ewan, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. F. S. Challenger, R.C.A., Mr. A. H. Campbell, jr., Mr. F. S. Baker, Dr. James Bain, Professor A. P. Coleman, and the representatives on the Board from allied societies are: Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Woman's Art Association; Mr. W. A. Langton, Ontario Association of Architects; Mr. Gustav Hahn, Arts and Crafts Society; Mr. W. Rae, Toronto Architectural Eighteen Club; Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., Ontario Society of Artists. The Ottawa Commission has improved the Capital and is developing a magnificent park system there. All the professionals whose aid will be needed in perfecting and carrying out the improvement plans here are giving their aid free of expense, and an able committee is in charge.

The meeting called by Mr. E. S. Williamson for Tuesday evening to form a Dickens Society here, proved a popular scheme, and a lot of people assembled in one of the Y.M.C.A. parlors at eight o'clock, and Mr. Williamson having taken the chair and explained the working of the parent society in England, the routine of establishment soon brought into existence a Toronto branch, of which Professor Goldwin Smith was elected honorary president, after Mr. Williamson had read a letter from Dr. Smith expressing full concordance and sympathy with the proposed branch of the Dickens Society. Many members were then enrolled and the dozen or so sets of *Dickensiana*, a magazine inaugurated in January and devoted to Dickens cult, were eagerly purchased by those quick enough to secure them. Mr. Williamson was most enthusiastically elected president of the society, and a very able group of directors were chosen. The objects to which this society will devote its funds from Dickens' entertainments and other sources will be such as the humanitarianism of the great author and his teachings will suggest. Dr. Duxbury, a well-known Dickens reader of England, is now holidaying in America, and will be asked to come here and give the *Christmas Carol*, his masterpiece, some time about the last week in May. The committee undertook at the meeting on Tuesday evening to arrange details, and next week I hope to have definite word as to when and where the reading will be given. The enthusiasm and interest at the meeting showed that the author's testamentary wish that his memorial might be only the love of his work in the hearts of the people has been amply realized.

Mrs. and Miss Lola Henderson are spending some time at 404 Elm avenue, Westmount, Montreal, with Mr. Stanley Henderson.

Mrs. Gilpin Brown, *née* Boulton, has been in Regina arranging her affairs, since the sad and deeply lamented death of Captain Gilpin Brown, N.W.M.P., some months ago, and returned this week to Toronto. I have rarely heard such hearty and genuine regret for the loss of a good and true gentleman as is expressed by all who knew him, for the late Captain Gilpin Brown.

Last evening an interesting recital, in which several young ladies, pupils of Miss Frances Morris and scions of well-known families, took part, was held in Conservatory Music Hall. Among the performers were Miss Mary Gzowski, Miss Marion Armour, and Miss Beatrice Delamere.

A great many visitors from the Capital, Montreal, Buffalo, and other cities across the line, are expected in town next and the following week for the races. The State Ball at Rideau, which takes place next Thursday, May 18, comes rather near King's Plate day for Torontonians desiring to attend both in-

teresting events. I heard a cheerful soul answer a grumbler at this week's chilly weather with the pertinent query, "Should you prefer it now or during the races?" To which the other instantly replied, "And my best frock is a white one," which, of course, was answer enough to the wise.

I have heard of an interesting engagement which is announced in romantic Italy, where a Torontonian has become *fiancée* to an Italian professor in a college at Nice. The professor has a handle to his name, and we shall probably have a countess on our visiting lists ere long.

Mrs. George Dawson is sailing shortly for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Granville Cunningham, in London.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees will be home from Southern Europe some time early next month. Mrs. Stephen Haas, whose trip was postponed on account of the alteration in date of the Yacht Club Ball (Mr. Haas being Commodore of the Yacht Club), was to have joined her father and mother abroad, but did not go at all. Mr. and Mrs. Hees were at Nice last week, and greatly enjoyed their six months' holiday.

The Albany and National Clubs were both *en fête* Tuesday evening. At the former, after the annual dinner of the Toronto Clinical Society, Dr. O'Reilly was presented with a beautiful silver loving-cup by Dr. Adam Wright, on behalf of the society, the presentation following the toast of the Toronto General Hospital, of which Dr. O'Reilly has been for so many years the head. Owing to the very cordial relations between the recipient and the givers of this fine present, the warmest wishes for Dr. O'Reilly's happiness and prosperity were but the utterance of well-recognized sentiments. At the National Club the Industrial Exhibition Association dined their president, Mr. W. K. McNaught, in splendid style, the Lieutenant-Governor being the principal invited guest. During the evening Mr. McNaught was presented with a fine cabinet of silver. Some excellent speeches were made.

Mr. Vaux Chadwick's lecture to the Woman's Canadian Household Economic Association on Tuesday was most suggestive and practical. It should be borne in mind by the hosts of home-builders and home-makers in our city. Light, simplicity, homeliness and the bit of garden which Mr. Chadwick preaches, are just what the ordinary householder seldom has, and which would make life so much fairer and easier for men and women compelled to live in city blocks. It was a charming lecture all through.

The Victorian Order of Nurses acknowledges the following subscriptions: Countess Grey, \$50; Mrs. Herbert Mason, \$25; Mr. William Moffatt, \$25; Mrs. G. J. Cook, \$10; Canon Welch, Mrs. Welch, Canon Baldwin, Messrs. Swan Bros., Miss Eastwood, each \$5; Miss M. Lynch, \$2; the Misses Caven, \$1; Miss Stretton's collection, \$98.05; Miss Wornum's collection, \$150.50; Senator Cox, \$200; Mr. Flavelle, \$100.

Rev. G. Adolf Kuhring, the much-esteemed and devoted rector of Ascension parish, is going to St. John, N.B., to occupy the place of the late Dr. de Soyres. His congregation and many other friends will miss him greatly from his successful field of labor in Toronto.

Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh during the races.

The engagement of Miss Mae Smith, daughter of the late Mr. James Smith, and Mr. Robert Alexander Watt of Brantford, is announced. Their marriage will take place on June 1.

The Misses Rose of Geneva are visiting Mrs. Christopher Robinson at Beverley House.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilmour are living in the Ramsay Wrights' apartment in the St. George for the summer, and Mrs. Gilmour held her post-nuptial reception there on Tuesday. Mrs. Gilmour, *née* McDonough of London, is a charming bride, and the many friends of her husband and some of her own who paid their respects found her looking very sweet in a white frock of *point d'esprit*, Valenciennes lace and white ribbons. Mrs. T. Gilmour presided at the tea-table, and Miss Denison, in white dress and hat, assisted.

Miss Mortimer Clark will perform some of the duties which her mother would have been so happy in fulfilling but for her illness. Among others, Miss Clark kindly consented to present prizes at St. Andrew's College and Upper Canada College on Thursday and next week.

Mrs. Machray went up to Winnipeg to be with her sister, Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald, in her great grief at the loss of her only son. Mrs. Machray was expected home the latter part of this week, and Mrs. Macdonald was to have come down with her, if she were equal to the journey.

The daffodil luncheon at St. James' schoolhouse was this year even more of an attraction than ever, and the bonnie waitresses in their snowy frocks hovering round the tables, had their work cut out for them. Everyone seemed to be lunching betimes on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, tips were plenty and the fare of great excellence. It would be a surprise to the households which dread the least delay in the serving of "master's" dinner if they could see the angelic, sweet patience with which "master" sits for fifteen minutes waiting for the first instalment of his luncheon when it is served by a dainty *débutante* or a handsome matron in waitress attire. And the compliments which follow the luncheon would keep his home *ménage* on the broad smile for a fortnight! Some of the waitresses were so pretty that susceptible men put mustard in their coffee and sugar on their ham while acting their "most gallant" under the sunny smiles of Toronto's sweetest maidens. The large hall was hung with white and yellow bunting and on each table was a vase of daffodils. The hand-painted menu cards were also adorned with a painted daffodil.

Mrs. Rigby of Port Hope, who is visiting Miss Strachan of Trinity College, was one of those at the daffodil luncheon on Wednesday. Mrs. Rigby is looking the picture of health and happiness. A pretty, dainty young matron at the luncheon was Mrs. Sandford Smith, who is fast becoming as popular in Toronto as she has always been in Ottawa.

I hear that the Misses Cockburn Clemow are coming to town for the races. Their Toronto friends will give them a hearty welcome.

The golfers have been busy this week, both at the Toronto and the Hunt Club links. Matches are being played for various small trophies in which the game, not the prize, is the thing considered.

Two young girls of great charm will come out from school abroad in time for their *début* next season. Miss Jean Alexander of Bon Accord and Miss Naomi Boulton will doubtless be welcomed with special pleasure by friends and admirers next fall.

A very smart military wedding took place in Hong Kong lately, when Miss Katherine Teresa Turner, a granddaughter of the late Hon Chief Justice Spragge, was married to an officer of the Royal Engineers, Major A. C. Painter. The bride was given away by the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Matthew Nathan, and the breakfast and reception were at Government House. The military chaplain officiated at the wedding, which took place in the cathedral. The bride is the only daughter of Colonel Turner, C.B., Royal Engineers.

A dinner is being arranged for Victoria Day at Government House, when His Excellency and Countess Grey will be the guests of honor, with their daughters and party. There is *emphatic entente cordiale* between the viceregal and gubernatorial households, and each appreciates and enjoys the other.

Miss Veals is giving an At Home at Glen Mawr on Saturday next, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Corson Russell of North Bay came down to Toronto on Saturday and Mrs. Russell will spend some time with her mother, Mrs. Barrett, Huron street. Mr. and Mrs. Russell were burnt out recently, losing all their belongings and also Mrs. Russell's two pets, a pair of baby bears, Jack and Jill, who were the cutest possible little creatures.

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TORONTO.



Mr. Perceval Ridout returned to Toronto from Paris, France, on Thursday morning. Mr. Ridout and his mother have taken up house at 598 Church street.

The annual athletic meeting of Upper Canada College will be held on Friday, May 19, at 2.30 o'clock.

Mrs. Rolleston Tate of Lakefield, née Strickland, is in town and attended the annual meeting of the Daughters of the Empire on Wednesday. Mrs. Young of Kingston, who has also been in town for a fortnight, was at the meeting.

On April 26 at St. Matthew's Church, Maida Vale, London, England, the marriage of Dr. Robert A. Thomas and Miss Ethel Margaret Dudley, both of Toronto, took place, Rev. Dr. Roos officiating. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas are honeymooning on the Continent.

The Jockey Club dinner will be held at the Toronto Club on May 25 and will be a brilliant event of a week given over to good times.

The Montreal Horse Show, opened by His Excellency, is said to be another record-breaker, and I am glad to see our stalwarts from Ontario are gathering in their share of prizes. Hon. Adam Beck, Mr. Hendrie of Holmstead, and others are doing nicely, thank you!

A question which quite overshadows the fortunes of the Russian fleet is, "What is your choice for the King's Plate next Saturday?"

Mrs. Sutherland Macklem is giving an afternoon tea on Tuesday, May 23, at her residence, 40 Glen road, from 5 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Sandys, who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Denison, returns to her home in Chatham to-day. Mr. E. W. Sandys of New York is bringing out another book, *Sporting Sketches*, immediately. His two books, *Trapper Jim* and *Sportsman Joe*, have had a good sale and are likely to be long-lived.

I hear that Mrs. Lawrence Buchanan will perhaps spend the summer in Toronto. Colonel Buchanan will be away from Kingston a good deal on duties connected with his important position, and the fact that Captain and Mrs. Kay are now in Toronto will be another attraction to bring Mrs. Buchanan to us, where her welcome is always waiting.

Colonel Victor Williams left a fortnight ago for his new post at Kingston. Mrs. Williams returned from England last week and was in town for a flying visit en route to Kingston.

I hear Honorable G. W. Ross and his family will occupy the residence in Elmsley place just north of their present one when they remove. Mr. Ross is still suffering a good deal from his rheumatism, but is able to be about and out every day.

The memory of "Archie" Lampman, as we who knew him in his boyhood used to call the poet of later days, is and will remain green in the hearts of his friends and admirers. But outside the affection they feel and the gratitude for many beautiful and exquisite bits of word painting which from time to time he gave them, they desire to honor his genius, and have put on train several schemes to that end. On May 19 in Conservatory Hall at 8 o'clock the Round Table Club, in connection with Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter's School of Expression, will give a "Lampman recital," from the proceeds of which will be started a Lampman fund. This recital will be exceedingly interesting. Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott of Ottawa will contribute a short sketch of Lampman's life and works. Mrs. Saunders of Ottawa, accompanied by Mr. Ernest Whyte, under whose instruction Mrs. Saunders studied some of Lampman's songs, set to music by her teacher, will sing these songs. Poems from Lampman's pen will be read or recited by some of the girls studying under Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter. It seems needless to enlarge on what is of so much unique interest to a great many appreciative Torontonians.

Two very interesting engagements are being talked of, though whether there is anything more than "talk" in them has not yet been decided.

The loss of a parent has again fallen upon Dr. and Mrs. Garratt's home. But a very few weeks ago, Mrs. Garratt's mother, Mrs. John Fletcher, was called away, and this week Dr. Garratt's father, an old resident of Canada, died at his son's home in College street. Much sympathy in this double bereavement is with Dr. and Mrs. Garratt.

Mr. C. Reginald Jamieson has gone to Lake Joseph, Muskoka, where he will be for the summer. I understand he is in charge of a mission there. Mr. Jamieson is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and may himself go into the ministry, though I do not know that such is decided.

Mrs. Cecil Lee is doing very nicely after an attack of appendicitis and is able to receive visits from her friends at the hospital, this week.

Dr. Macdougall King of Bisbee, Arizona, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John King, 4 Grange road.

The annual meeting of the Daughters of the Empire, which was held at McConkey's on Wednesday, and the enormous luncheon at St. James' schoolhouse, seemed to have brought all the pretty girls and smart women in Toronto down town. Late in the afternoon, when they flocked out from the meeting, strangers stopped to stare at the galaxy of youth and beauty on the pavement. The Countess Grey's letter accepting the honorary presidency of the "Daughters' organization," was read in their meeting. Some of the speakers were Mrs. P. D. Crerar, the Hamilton regent; Mrs. Gardner of Charlotte-town, and the president of the Order, Mrs. Nordheimer. Principal Aaden of U. C. C. and Mr. Herbert Mowat also spoke on interesting topics. Mrs. Crerar's speech, delivered with all her well-known *empressment* and snap, was greatly appreciated. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Nordheimer; vice-presidents, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Crerar; honorary secretary, Mrs. Albert Gooderham; standard-bearer, Miss Macdonald; honorary organizing secretary, Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet; councillors, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Dignum, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mrs. Willison, Miss Constance Boulton, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. H. S. Osler, Mrs. G. W. Herman, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mrs. Land, Mrs. Septimus Denison, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. J. Cawthra.

A most beautiful exhibition of limelight colored views of Labrador and a very bright and delightful talk on the fish-folk, their ways and needs, were given by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell on one evening last week. Dr. Grenfell, who has won the heart of Toronto by his manly, earnest and entertaining talks, and worthy life of devotion, was charmed with the cordial and hearty response to his modest account of what is being and should be done for the splendid men of the deep-sea fisheries. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor was chairman and introduced the lecturer, and in the audience were Miss Mortimer Clark, Major Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Rev. W. and Mrs. Brookman, the Misses McLeod, Miss Knox, and hosts of other well-known persons. Some hundreds could not gain entrance to Association Hall at all (it seats eleven hundred), and many were obliged to go home with the memory of a solid crowd packed from Yonge street to the doors of the Hall, to console them with the reflection that "there were others." Such an interest is equally honorable to lecturer and audience.

At the Theaters Next Week.

At Shea's Theater next week there will be one of the biggest and best bills of the season. Milton Nobles and Dolly Nobles are the headliners in Milton Nobles' new one-act comedy, *The Days of Forty-nine*. In this comedy Milton Nobles will return to the dialect comedy work in which he first achieved success. The comedy will be interpreted by a cast of six. The four principal rôles are played by Dolly Nobles, Mary Davenport, Allan Dennett and Milton Nobles. It is a complete scenic production for which everything is carried by the company down to the smallest "prop." Dolly Nobles will have a character comedy part particularly suited to her. Treloar will also be on the bill. Treloar is the ex-Harvard University oarsman, and the winner of the \$1,000 prize for the most perfectly developed man in the world at the recent physical culture exposition at Madison Square Garden in New York. Treloar is assisted by Miss Edna Tempest. The act has been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Kenos, Walsh and Melrose, the comedy acrobats, who are as clever as they are funny, will be seen in their latest novelty, *The Revolving Arch*. West and Van Sien have a number of new musical surprises in their musical comedy, *The College Gymnasium*, and Miss Van Sien will introduce her famous boy character. Searl and Violet Allen present *The Sign Painter*. Hoey and Lee will be heard in some new Hebrew melodies, and the Juggling McBarnes are introducing some new work. The bill will close with the kinetograph.

The hosts of friends of Ward and Vokes in Toronto will have an opportunity to see the best offering of their career at the Grand Opera House next week, when they will present *A Pair of Pinks*. The new vehicle has been carefully produced with every possible adjunct to win. The big company of fifty-five members has as principals Lucy Daly, Margaret Daly Vokes, Jennie Gerard, Lillian Leroy, Marjorie Priest, Katharine Parks, Bertha Silsby, Alma Bauer, Charles Howard, William West, Dean Coleman, Eddie Judge. The two settings required are described as "the best obtainable;" the costumes, "the richest ever seen in musical farce;" the music, of which there are sixteen numbers, "the kind people learn to whistle quickly;" the chorus, "the best gowned and prettiest in America." With all these claims fulfilled, Ward and Vokes doubtless have their most pretentious offering for this, their tenth year as musical farce stars.

The Practical Petitioner.

Unhappy in his married life
(Brown, a Lothario, caused the Strife),
Jones settled to divorce his Wife;
So in the D. C. Lists set down
His Action, Jones v. Jones and Brown;
And as a solace for his Woe
Claimed Fifteen Hundred from the Co.
Now Brown, the Co., although a Toff
In outward Show, is not well off,
And knows such Damages, sans Doubt,
If they're sustained, will clean him out;
So to Petitioner he hies
With Offer of a Compromise.
"An Offer, Jones, of Give-and-take
(Tis without Prejudice) I make.
Withdraw your Claim for Damage, Friend,
And I the Case will not defend;
Thus easily and cheap," said he,
"You'll get forthwith your sought Decree."
"Nay, but," said Jones, "you've no Pretence
In any Case of good Defence,
And, even though you fight the Suit,
I'll get Decree and Cash to boot."
So I decline with Thanks," he cries,
"Your cool, one-sided Compromise."
"Ah!" replied Brown, "but if I'm pressed,
Certain the Suit I shall contest,
And spend that Fifteen Hundred Pound
In fighting every Inch of Ground;
So, though at length you win," said he,
"You'll get no Copper Piece from me."
"Oh, yes, I will," said Plaintiff Jones.
"Not you! You can't get Blood from Stones.
For if the Cash I've got to pay,
I'll spend it in Defence, I say;
And when it's gone, at once I spoke
Your Wheel, good Jones, by going broke.
Thus, while to fight will cost you double
In Cash, apart from Time and Trouble,
No more for 't all you'll gain, I trow,
Than what I offer gratis now."
Then, much against his Will, friend Jones
The Force of Brown's Contentment owns.
"For, since in any Case," thought he,
"That fifteen hundred's not for me;
And since bad Business it is
To waste my precious Cash, I wis,
Simply on making Jones waste his,
His Cash I'd better let him keep,
Keep mine, and get my 'Nisi' cheap."
Moral.

How "Cholly" Came 'Round.



I am a convert to the ready-to-wear idea! I used to have a "never die" prejudice against everything in ready-made apparel, excepting, perhaps, my hats and one or two other things that make up a man's wardrobe; but for my clothes the highest "famed" draper couldn't always fulfil my ideal of fit and style. I don't know how small a fortune my prejudice has cost me, but I've killed it, and this is how it happened: First I was interested by good-looking pictures in the magazines showing designs of high-class ready-to-wear clothes, and when Fairweather's announced that they had put in a line of "fine American clothes" made by Hart, Schaffner & Marx, of which I had read and re-read, I paid this Yonge street firm's clothing department a visit. I was shown these "splendid" suits and top-coats. I was granted "try-ons" to my heart's content, and it didn't take nine days to open my eyes to the fact that I could be fitted with a ready-to-wear suit in as good style, as well made, as fine cloths and just as exclusive patterns as my own tailor could make up for me, and to prove that I trusted my own convictions I had the old suit sent home and I sported the new ready-to-wear suit with all the vanity of a peacock, and I found that this good style and all the other points that go to make good clothes were not confined to the American-made garments, for Fairweather's have demonstrated that just as good can be "made in Canada," and they are showing to-day right alongside of our American cousins' product a very fine line of "domestic" made clothing.

Of the different styles and "cuts" I am not competent to particularize, but I know this, that no matter how particular a dresser a man may be, he can be satisfactorily "suited" in ready-to-wear clothes if he goes to the right place to be fitted. "CHOLLY."



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But how about the man who has no time for a vacation? What he requires is a Turkish Bath—and a Turkish Bath as administered at COOK'S is just about as invigorating as a two weeks' holiday.

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The Disorder of the Bath

By ARTHUR MORRISON

HAVE more than once been asked to name my most disreputable acquaintance. I blush to reply that the selection would be difficult, and would demand a length of consideration that the matter scarcely deserves; but I think it quite possible that the final choice might fall on Snorkey Timms.

It was from Snorkey's information that I was able long ago to tell the tale of the Red Cow Anarchist Group; and it was long after that time that I learned, by chance, that he had a surname at all. Not that he had been christened Snorkey; his original given name I cannot tell you now, and it is quite possible he has forgotten it himself; while even "Timms" has so far gone out of use that you may shout it aloud without attracting Snorkey's notice.

It was Snorkey, furthermore, who told me the real story of the attempt on the Shah of Persia's jewelled hat in open London; as well as many others, more credible and less, of the doings of that live by trades of no respectability. He told them behind bar-screens and in remote snuggeries, not without interruption from thirst and its remedy.

"I s'pose," said Snorkey, thoughtfully, on one such occasion, "I s'pose such a party as yourself might 'ave as much objections as what another party might 'ave, for to say what 'is line o' business might be?"

Such objections were familiar enough, for good reason, among Snorkey's acquaintance, and he plainly anticipated my reply. I signified my entire agreement with Snorkey's supposition.

"Um!" he answered, and meditatively licked the cigar by the gift whereof I had sought to avert the fumes of Snorkey's usual shag. "Um—m—m!" he leaned back on the snugger bench, put the cigar in his mouth, and reached for a light. "You ain't one of our mob, any-ow," he proceeded, "an' I know you ain't a nark; I'll give ye that much credit. But I 'ave 'eard o' parties, same as it might be you, as is come down to the Ditch, or the Kate, or the Gun, same as you might be here, and got a-talkin' with other parties, same as it might be me, an' 'earin' about all sorts o' things, an' then writin' them in papers, an' gettin' paid for it—pecks of money; about a bob a word. Gettin' it all out o' other parties, an' then smugglin' 'em makin'."

"Disgraceful!" I said.

Snorkey pushed back a sadly damaged bowler hat and looked fixedly at me. Then he took a drink, wiped his mouth, tugged his grimy neckerchief with a hooked forefinger, and stared again at his cigar. I remained silent and contemplative.

"Not as you ain't bin pally, now an' then," he resumed awkwardly, after a blank pause. "Standin' an' all that; an' you greased my duke more'n once; I'll give you that much credit. And here Snorkey's speech tailed off into inarticulate mumbleings."

"Out with it," I said. "You want something. What is it all about?"

"I'm a-savin' up a bit for a 'oliday 'n the country," he answered sulkily, evading my eye.

"In the country?" I asked doubtfully; for the phrase is a euphemism for a convict prison.

"I mean the real country; not where the dawgs don't bite. I want a bit of a 'oliday."

I judged that there must be some other reason than that of health for this aspiration of Snorkey's, and I said so.

"Well, some parties mightn't call it reasons o' 'ealth," Snorkey answered. "I should. Ginger Bates 'll be out in a day or two, an' Joe Kelly too—both together."

I knew that Ginger Bates and Joe

Kelly had experienced the misfortune, some months more than two years back, to be sentenced to three years' penal servitude. By the ordinary operation of the prison system, they must soon be released. It seemed clear that Snorkey had some particularly good reason for not wishing to meet these old friends, fresh from their troubles.

"What's this, then?" I said. "You haven't been narking, have you?"

"Me? Narkin'?" Snorkey glared indignantly; and in fact the sin of the informer was the sole transgression of which I could never really have suspected him. "No, I ain't bin narkin'. I ain't bin narkin', but I don't want to see Ginger Bates and Joe Kelly when they come out—not both on 'em together, any-ow. After a week or two they'll split out after other things, an' it won't matter so much; but when they first come out they'll be together, an' the first thing they'll do, they'll ask after me. I don't want to be at 'ome just then."

"Why?"

"I s'pec' they'll be angry; matter o' professional jealousy," Snorkey chuckled and winked. "It was a bit of a lark, an' none so bad a click, neither—double duke?" But are you goin' to grease my duke?"

This rite—nothing more or less than the passing over of a contribution to Snorkey's holiday fund—was accomplished with no more delay; and measures were taken to impart fresh interest to Snorkey's empty glass.

"It was none so bad a click," repeated Snorkey; "quite a lucky touch for a chap workin' alone like me. It was when I came 'ome in that dussy knickerbocker suit."

I had faint memories of cryptic "chaff" directed at Snorkey by his intimates in the matter of a certain magnificent walking-suit, arrayed in which he was said to have dazzled Shoreditch at some indefinite period of his career. But I waited for explanations.

"Ginger Bates an' Joe Kelly 'ad got their eye on a nice place in the country for a bust," Snorkey proceeded; meaning thereby that his two friends had in view a burglary at a country house. "It was a nice medium sort o' place, not too big, but well worth doin', an' they got me to go down an' take the measure of it for a few days, then not wantin' to show themselves in the neighborhood, o' course. So they gives me a quid for exes, an' a few odd sheets o' glass in a glazier's frame with a lump o' putty an' a knife on it, an' I humps the lot and starts. O' course I was to take my whack when they'd done the job. Nothin' better than the glazier caper, if you want to run the rule over a likely place. Buyin' bottles an' bones does pretty well sometimes, but you don't get the same chances. It was very nigh two hours' run out on the rattler, an' then a four-mile walk; very good weather, an' I put in a day or two doin' it easy in the sun."

"It was a first-rate place—quite nobby. I had a good look at it from outside the garden wall, an' I asked a few questions at the pub an' what not. After that I went in by the back way, with my glass on my back; an' I had luck straight away, for I see a pantry winder broke. So I 'ad a good look round fust, an' then I went along very 'umble an' civil to everybody, an' got the job to mend that winder. More luck."

"They let me do the winder—me offerin' to do it cheap—an' so I sets to work steady enough, with a slavey comin' to pipe me round the corner every now an' then, to see as I didn't pinch nothin'. An' o' course I di' bi. I behaved most industrious an' honest, an' you might 'ad made a picture of me, fac-similar, to go in front of a bloomin' tract, an' done it credit, too. But while the slavey was a-pipin' me, I was a-pipin' the pantry—what ho! I was a pipin' the pantry with my little eye, and there was more bloomin' luck; for if ever I see a wedge-kip in all my nach'ral puff I see one fine an' large under the shelf in that bloomin' pantry! The luck I 'ad all through that job was just 'eavenly."

Heavenly might not have been the appropriate word in the strictly moral view, but since by the "wedge-kip" Snorkey indicated the plate-basket of the unsuspecting householder, I understood him well enough.

"It was just 'eavenly. I never 'ad sich luck before nor since. So I finished the job very slow, an' took my money very 'umble, an' a glass o' beer as they sent out for me, an' pratted away to the village an' sent off a little screeve by the post, for Ginger an' Joe to come along to-morrow night an' do the job peaceful an' pleasant. You see the new putty I'd put in 'ud peel out on yer finger, an' it 'ud mean takin' out the pane an' op'uin' the catch to do the job."

"Well, I put up cheap at the smallest pub, an' in the mornin' I went out for a walk. Bein' a glazier, ye see, 'twouldn't 'a' done for me not to go on the tramp like as it was after a job. So off I went along the road, an' it was about the 'ottest stroll ever I took. It was a 'ot day, without any extry, but you don't know what a 'ot day's like till ye've tramped in it with the sun on yer back an' two or three thicknesses o' winder-glass for it to shine through. I took the loneliest road out o' the village, not wantin' to be called on for another job, an' not wantin' to be seen more'n I could 'elp. It was a 'orrid long lane, without a soul or a 'ouse on it for miles, an' I got 'arf frightened after a bit, thinkin' there never was goin' to be a pub. It seems unmach'ral an' weirdlike to be on a road with no pubs—the sort o' thing you dream about in nightmares."

"Well, I went along this 'ere lane with no turnin' till I was ready to drop, an' I could smell the putty a-frizzlin' in the frame beind me; wonderin' what- ever the lane was made for. Not for traffic, I reckon, for there was places with grass 'alf across it, an' other places where some idiot 'ad chucked down long patches o' stones for to repair it, an' the stones was washed clean with years o' rain, but not a wheel-mark on 'em. I

didn't know whether to turn back or go on, not knowin' which meant the worst job; till at last I blieve I'd 'a' ate the bloomin' putty off the frame, if I'd 'ad anythink to drink with it. But even the ditch was a dry 'un, an' I was in that state o' roastin' torment, I almost think if there'd been a pond or a river I'd 'a' took a bath, s'elp me, I do! I was that desprited."

"It was like that when I come to a pub at last. It wasn't much of a pub, bein' mostly pigsties, but it was good enough for me. There was beer there, an' bread an' cheese, so I sat on a bench under a tree in front, an' took an hour or two's easy. An' the 'ole time not a thing or a livin' soul come past, except towards the end, an' then it was a van—a carryvan, ye know, such as gipsies an' showmen 'as—a carryvan for livin' in, with muslin blinds an' a little chimney-pipe. It's a sort o' thing you gen'rally see a procession together, but this was all alone. There was a steady-lookin' ol' bloke a-sittin' in front drivin', an' as the van come opposte the pub there was a rare 'ullabaloo o' shoutin' inside it, but the ol' chap drivin' didn't take no notice. Then a bloke come flounderin' an' shoutin' out o' the back door, an' runs up alongside shoutin' to the ol' chap to stop, till he ketches 'im by the elbow, an' very nigh pulls 'im off the van. Then the ol' bloke looks round innocent as ye please, an' pulls up; an' what the other chap was after was pull up 'ere an' get some water. 'E was a rare fust was this chap—knickerbocker suit an' eye-glass—quite a dook. It seemed this was 'is way o' takin' a quiet 'oliday, goin' round the country in a van. I've 'eard of others doin' the same, same. Not altogether my idea of a 'oliday, but a sight better'n 'umpin' a glazier's frame miles an' miles along a road with no pubs in it."

"Well, they goes an' fetches their water, an' a precious large lot they seemed to want. They brought it out in pails an' cans, an' poured it into some think in the van, which made me s'pose they'd got a tank there. I might 'a' gone an' 'ad a look, but I was sittin' nice an' comfortable under the tree an' didn't want to get up. So when they'd got all the water they wanted, they started off again. It was a very tidy horse they'd got, but I'd 'a' guessed the van an' old 'un, painted up. It was a good big long van, but the wheels was a-runnin' like the numbers on a clock—all V's an' X's."

Soon after they went I began to think about movin' meself. At a place like that a visitor must 'a' bin a sort o' event, even a glazier; an' I wanted to look as genuine as possible, so I gived off the same way the van 'ad gone. I meant to slide off by a cross turn, or across the fields, an' get back to meet Bates an' Kelly by dark. But it was pretty open sort o' country, so I went a good bit o' way before I began to think about puttin' on the double. I come over a stone of a rise, which was all loose stones with grass growin' atween 'em, an' was a-takin' a look round to find a easy way 'cross country, when I ears a most desprited sorrowful 'owl. I looks down the 'ill, an' there I see somethink a-movin' in the ditch, like a—like a—well, more like some sort of a bloomin' shell-fish than anythink else, or a tortoise—a tortoise more'n a yard across. I took a step or two, an' there came another yell, an' I could see a man's 'ead stickin' out from under the shell, singin' out at the top o' 'is shout. So I starts a trot, an' presently I see it was a sort of a tin enamel thing the bloke was under, an' then—s'elp me!—s'elp me never! blimy if it wasn't the toff out o' the carryvan, stark naked as a little coopid, 'idin' under a bloomin' 'ip-bath—ye know, yaller tin scoop-shape thing—'idin' in the dry ditch under a 'ip-bath, an' singin' out to me to 'urry up!"

"So I 'urried up, an' 'is language was pretty sparky for a toff, an' no error. But when 'e told me what was up—lar! Lord! it was only 'cos I remembered the winder-glass beind me that I didn't go back on my back an' roll! Lar! S'elp me, I tell ye till I'm all over!"

"I've fell through the bottom o' my van," sez 'e, "I've fell through the bottom o' the dam' thing in my bath! An' my man's as deaf as a post, sez 'e, 'an' 'e's gone on without me! An' I couldn't run after 'im over these 'ere dam' flints! Don't stand there laughin' like a maniac, sez 'e—go an' stop 'im!"

"Well, I never 'ad such a paralyzed, chronic fit in all my puff! I'd 'a' give a tanner for a lamp-post to ketch 'old of an' ang on to, s'elp me! I jis' howled an' staggered, an' the toff under the bath, 'is language got sparkier every second, till you'd 'a' thought no patent enamel could 'a' stood the 'eat."

"If you ain't as big a fool as you look," sez 'e, 'go after that van an' earn a sovereign for yerself! I'll give you a sovereign if you'll lend me your coat an' fetch back that infernal van so as I can get at my clothes!"

"So I steadied a bit when 'e offered to spring a quid, an' I climbed out o' the slings o' the glass-frame, an' shoved it in the ditch. The I pulls off my old coat, an' blimy, 'e snatches it as though it was jewelled sealskin, an' worth five 'undred quid; an' there wasn't a soul in sight, neither, nor likely to be. An' then I 'oofs it off in my shirt-sleeves at a trot after the van."

"I dunno 'ow far I trotted 'ore I caught sight of it, but it pretty nigh knocked me out—what with runnin' an' sweatin' an' blowin', an' bustin' in o'it a-larin' 'tween whiles. The job seemed worth a good deal more'n a quid, an' by the time I see the van in front I'd made up my mind to try if I couldn't make it pay better."

"Well, I rounded a bend, an' there was the carryvan at last, goin' along easy as though nothink was wrong, an' I put on a extry spurt. It was no good a-callin' out, o' course; an' what was more I didn't mean to do it. No; I legged it up beind the van, an' I jumped up on 'e footboard an' opened the door. It was a snug crib inside, an' I see the toff 'ad bin a-doin' 'isself proper. But the floor! It was two-pennorth o' firewood, an' dear at that! Now it was broke, you could see it was worse than a match-box, an' pretty rotten for a man to stand on alone; but when it come to a man

an' a bathful o' water together, joltin' down that stony 'ill—what ho!"

"But I'd got no time to waste on the busted floor. There was the fine new knickerbocker suit, an' a portmanteau, an' a nobby kit-bag, an' fishin'-rods, an' a photoin' camera. The portmanteau was too big, so I slung the suit an' the camera into the kit-bag an' dropped out beind. The steady ol' dummy in front jest went on like a stuck image. 'E'd a dodged on through a bloomin' earthquake so long as it didn't knock 'im off 'is perch."

"I guded it back round the bend an' opened the kit-bag. There was a tidy watch an' chain in the jacket, an' a sovereign-purse on the chain, with nine quid in it. So I got beind the 'edge, an' just wrung out o' my old clothes an' into the dussy knickerbockers in no time. Then I 'ung the old things on the 'edge for anybody as might want 'em. I wanted the kit-bag for somethink else—cos I'd got a fresh idea. Some'ow a bit o' luck like that always gives me fresh ideas."

"I dotted back the way I'd come, meanin' to go wide round a field when I come to where I'd left ol' cockalorum with the bath. But after a bit I topped a little rise, an' there I see 'im comin' along the road 'alf a mile off! There 'e was, all alone in the world, with my old coat tied round the middle o' 'im an' the bath o' 'is 'ead, oppin' along tender on a little strip o' grass by the road, like a cat on broken bottles atop of a garden wall! If only 'e'd 'ad the frame o' winder-glass on 'is back I could 'a' died 'appy, but 'e'd left that where I put it. Showed 'ow much 'e considered my interests, as was supposed to 'a' left it unperturbed to do 'im a service! You wouldn't think a toff 'ud be so selfish."

"I looked it through a gate an' waited beind a 'aystack while 'e went past, an' a precious while 'e was a-doin' it, too, gruntin' an' cussin' to 'isself; me, with 'is clothes on me, a-lookin' at 'im, an' 'im too wild an' too tender in the feet to notice anythink but the ground 'e was treadin' on. I was sorry for the pore bloke, o' course, but then a chap can't neglect business, can 'e? An', besides, I felt sure 'e'd find my ol' duds on the 'edge presently."

"So I guded off as soon as I could to the place where I put in the pantry winder, an' I took the winder out again just after dusk an' did the show for 'alf the wedge in the kipsy—spoons an' forks in my pockets, an' the rest in the kit-bag. That was my new idea, you see. Then I come through the shrubbery an' out the front way, an' at the gate I met the very slavey as was pipin' me while I put in the pantry winder! She looked pretty 'ard, so I puts on a voice like a markis, an' 'Good evenin'! I says, very snuffy an' condescendin' as I went past, and she says 'Good evenin', sir,' an' lets me go. Oh, I can do it so sassy, I tell ye, when I've got 'em on!"

"I went all out for the station, an' caught a train snuff. I see Ginger Bates an' Joe Kelly comin' off from the train as I got there; but I dodged 'em all right, an' did the wedge in next day for the thirty quid an' twenty-five bob for the photo-camera—ought to be 'a' bin more. An' so I pulled off a merry little double event. I never 'ad sich a day's luck as I 'ad that day, all through. It was 'eav'nly!"

"And is that all you know of the affair?" I asked.

"All that's to do with me," replied the unblinking Snorkey. "But the toff with the van, 'is troubles wasn't over. 'E was in the papers next day—locked up for 'ousebreakin'. It seems they missed the stuff out o' the plate-basket soon after I'd gone, an' the slavey that piped me goin' out gave a description o' me in the nobby tweed suit, an' somebody remembered seein' just such a bloke go past in a carryvan. It made a fetchin' novelty for the 'apenny papers—'Gentleman Burglar in a Traveling Van,' especially when 'e was found disguised as a glazier in my old clothes, an' 'is frame o' glass discovered concealed in a ditch. That did it pretty plain for 'im, you see. 'E'd turned up first like a glazier, and reconnoitered, an' then 'e'd come dossed up to clear out the stuff. Plain enough. It was quite a catch for a bit, but it didn't last—the rozzers 'ad to let 'im go. But they didn't let Ginger Bates an' Joe Kelly go, though—not them. Them two unfortun' spectators prowled about lookin' for me for some time, an' about twelve o'clock at night they sailed in to do the job without me. Well, you see, by then it was a bit late for that place. The people was up all night, listenin' for bargains everywhere, an' there was two policemen there on watch as well. So Ginger Bates an' Joe Kelly was collared holus-bolus, an' thereby prevented raisin' no proper claims to stand in with what I'd scraped up myself. An' now they've bin wearin' knickerbockers themselves for more'n two years, an' as soon as they've done their time—well, there's no knowin' but what they may make it a matter o' professional jealousy. What O-o-o-o!"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Can Men Write Love Letters?

It must be confessed that the average man's love letters are very tame productions and distinctly disappointing to their recipients, who, remembering how sweet and tender they endeavor to make their own missives, are inclined to resent the businesslike tones of the replies. Some girls will even imagine that the affection in which they are held by their lover cannot be very great, otherwise he could scarce help making the epistles more love-like in tone. This is a fallacy, for men, with few exceptions, are bad hands when it comes to committing their most tender and sacred thoughts to paper. When in company of their fiancées they may be able to make the sweetest of love speeches, yet when it comes to putting a few simple affectionate lines together they are utterly at sea. Despite their endeavors, their letters will persist in assuming that commonplace business tone which affords such slight solace to those who receive them. It is not fair to judge the extent of a man's ardor by the standard of his letters. Even if he be head over heels in love, it is quite possible that he may be almost incapable of intimating the real state of his feelings in a letter.

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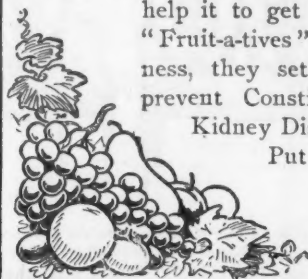
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Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every correspondence to the Editor. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, *Excelsior*, unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

M. L. A.—Your writing shows imagination, independence, concentration, planning and a touch of artistic excellence. You might easily, if a man, achieve honor as an architect. There is intuition in plenty, but no sustained persistence in argument. The nature is direct and obvious, and there is great impulse, force and originality shown. You have the instinct of caution, but are often led to ignore it by haste and desire for effect. As you love commendation you may like to know that your handwriting has the quality of interest almost amounting to fascination. You should be popular and successful. June 3 brings you under Gemini, a double air sign. In your case, I think the two parts are working harmoniously, which makes for double strength of purpose and achievement.

BUNTIE BEE.—Apart from the fact that someone was "shaking the table," there is too much youthful indecision about your lines to dare delineation. Your writing is as true and sweet as your own disposition. So sorry the Grey cat family is at an end. You might start again now that the first family in the land is of that surname. Caution, honesty, truth, generosity and carefulness are some of your traits, Buntie Bee.

ELIZABETH.—This is a very strong and capable person, fond of her own way and anxious to influence others. There is marked tenacity shown in the hook which finishes the long level cross on the t's, but only occasionally. Writer is not particularly adaptable, but also not obstinate. The nature is honest, practical, independent, and very logical. Work begun is finished carefully and the whole disposition is toward useful, logical and well considered conclusions. There is great vitality and snap in this study. April 22 brings you between the fiery and up-looking Aries, and the matter-of-fact, barren-bearing Taurus. You should have a forceful result, as you seem to have about the best of both endowments. In your onward course take a little more time for details and look at the task leisurely if you can, on the way, not only at the finished work. You have good discretion, some tact and sympathy, and also pride.

M. H. B.—If you feel an innate dislike to a nurse's life, don't waste time training for it, but take up the other line. There are some openings for women now, the various banks are employing so many of them, that there should be a fair prospect of success for you. Of course, this is in the big cities. I don't know if the same rule is being observed in smaller places, like your home. You are a little bit of a pessimist, but have an even and pleasant tone with rather an extra loquacity and not always clear expression. Don't talk; think and act instead. You say you are born under Libra and that the scales hang too evenly. It doesn't look so, when you hesitate about a life work, and other things seem to indicate an exasperating irresponsibility. However, once settled to your business you will probably concentrate your talents and do exceedingly well. You have plenty of initiative and probably good stuff in you, but you lack a lofty inspiration and a broad and noble outlook. These bring your birthright, their lack is a great neglect.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.—You do right not to risk much with the person you name. She once crucified a dear friend of mine, for which I cannot quite forgive her, though she assures us it was "without malicious intent." One has always the horrible uncertainty that one may be "next," however undeserving! I suppose you know that your writing confessed a very belligerent and aggressive personality, with strong decision, lack of sympathy and tact, though well able to take care of yourself. One would love you and admire you, enjoining terrible as you are. In fact, looking at your writing, I find some kindred qualities to that other person, but am willing to believe you don't know of them. January 15 brings you under Capricorn, the goat, an occult nocturnal sign, of which the children are often bound by things of the earth. The January people must have things suitable and correct, and they are greatly disturbed and annoyed by undecided or elusive personalities. Your own character is of the extra forcible and dogmatic stamp. Its power is undoubted, but it is apt to emulate a bull in a china shop when on delicate questions. I never had my character told by a Chinese method under Japanese elucidation. That must be a slick experience, eh? I don't suppose you believed in it, for you are not "easy" that way. The study you send is sexless; you may be either man or woman from your writing, but if the former you'll probably have heaps of experience not always agreeable.

CANADIAN MAID.—I didn't think at all about it until you asked. It is an unfinished hand; the ink is so faded that I can scarcely follow the lines. All the a's and o's are wide open (unconsidered chatter is this confessed). The crosses to the t's are put on anyhow; sometimes this denotes brilliancy in certain matters—in your case it merely suggests heedless smartness. A May baby has no right to be growing up flighty and careless. Now for your better side. You are good-tempered, bright in manner, with excellent reasoning power, and clear sequence of ideas, cheerfulness, plausibility and facility. You have almost a craze to dominate, but are fickle about

it. Do you happen to follow the suggestion that gives?

CHRISTOPHER.—Your letter of St. Valentine's day just opened. Your writing may, perhaps, also be described as a sort of "refreshing oasis." (Are you still blooming in Canada?) It is virile, full of nervous impulse, concentrated thought, bright and dominant, careful of detail and averse to coercion. An extra good opinion of yourself, which does you no harm, is confessed. You are adaptable, not an English trait usually, and capable of warm affection. Your own things and your own ideas are distinctly first with you. To whatever profession you are engaged in, or whatever business you undertake, you bring qualities which, properly guided, will be successful out here. It is most amusing to notice your remark, "As an Englishman from dear old London, I thank you sincerely!" A Hottentot from the tropics would cut just as much figure, so far as gratitude goes. It's such little boyish self-exploitations as the above which make a Canadian laugh, even while he feels like handing out a good snub, if it were any use. You are very, very conventional in tone and expression. It would give the other fellows the chills if I told them their editorials "made for Righteousness." Oh, mamma! However, you are a good sort and here's welcome to you.

MADELINE B.—Extreme care for details, much sentiment and susceptibility to influence, idealism and taste, liberal and generous nature, some ambition, which perhaps is not very obvious, an utter absence of dominance, and a purpose so light as to be sometimes almost evanescent, refinement and dislike to fuss, inharmonious surroundings, and any strife or discord; a nature never aggressive, but always reliable. By the way, should it be possible that this study is connected in any way with "Christopher," some of his "long suit" is accounted for. If not, pardon the thought.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN.—Please read answer to "Christopher." How funny that your remark should come just as I finished writing that paragraph. You know I sympathize! Surely Saturn must be ruling your life. Isn't he a mean old thing? However, one must just remember that it's not the getting, but the effort to get that makes us strong and worthy. More power to you and all the luck in life, my boy! I should much appreciate a sketch of the life led in your surroundings. Won't you write one for me? All the little details, to make me see and realize it. I never pursued Fortune, my lad, never got in sight of the jade; just poke along, paying my way and being thankful. Your writing is not the stamp that gets Fortune by the nose; far from it. It is the hand of moderate achievement, clever, but not imperial, so to speak. Never mind, you may be one of those to whom the gods give love when to others they give success. There is a legend that in Paradise blooms a gloriously beautiful garden, where the happiest of all persons are. When the doorkeeper was asked who these were who were cherished above all others, the angel smiled and said, "They are those who honestly strove and did not succeed on earth. God's beloved, the failures." After that there seems nothing left to grumble at, eh?

PRESIDENT.—"A prognostication of your chirography." Is that all? Uncle Remus can take a back seat. Your writing is adaptable, energetic, affectionate and virile. You believe in doing things thoroughly and are generous, frank and courageous. Justice and kindness are in your lines. You are generally cautious, thoughtful and long-headed, having excellent sequence of ideas and a cheerful philosophy. If I tell you any more nice things you'll suspect that whatever goes on elsewhere this column is emphatically with you on the subject you mention. What a sad loss you and we and all who knew and loved him have had this month. We were good chums for many years, and liked one another well. May 2 brings you under Taurus, the leading earth sign, and such Taurus men as you make the old bull proud of his children. The workers, the patient burden-bearers, here and there the musicians, always the good material.

How He Proposed and How She Said Yes.

THIS is the story of a proposal. The man who did the proposing is a practical sort of chap, whose power of expressing emotions and sentiments is decidedly limited. The girl who received the proposal is just as romantic a maiden as ever wept at a matinee. She revels in those passages of the novels in which the hero vows his adoration for the heroine—of course, she always imagines herself the heroine while she is perusing these chapters. She has always looked forward with pleasant anticipation to the way that her knight of the land of love should claim her for his own. The knight arrived. For some time she failed to recognize him in the prosaic young man; but finally in some occult fashion she penetrated through the veil of his utilitarianism into his heart of gold. (This is the way that she would have phrased it. For myself I know nothing at all about it, being entirely ignorant of phases of occultism or of lands of love.)

The girl, of course, realized that the man cared for her. She did all she could do in a sweet, lady-like way to help him along. But the course of true love went altogether too smoothly. The bashful swain longed for obstacles to overcome, but not an obstacle appeared upon the path of their young lives.

Both of them began to look haggard and wan, lost their appetites and memories and conducted themselves with all the symptoms of the disease. Now, however, they are going around with an air of deep and happy mystery that deceives no one. But the girl refuses to divulge to her best friend what the knight said to her. (I have solemnly promised never to reveal the source of my information.)

Jack—I am afraid to tell you his real name, because nearly every one of you would know him—he was sitting in the parlour with Gertrude, when suddenly she

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Demand the genuine
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jumped from her chair with a cry of alarm. "Oh, oh," she screamed. "Jack, quick!"

"Is it a mouse?" laughed Jack. "Oh, where is he? Don't you see him? Oh, get him out of here. I saw him run across the floor right under my feet. Jack, do something."

Thus commanded, Jack looked around for a weapon with which to attack the intruder. There was a Chinese sword on the wall. This he grasped with a grim determination. Meanwhile, Gertrude had sought the safest position in the room, and had found it on top of the upright piano. There she stood, commanding her soldier.

"Don't strike until he attacks us," she announced, solemnly. That Jack did not laugh is a testimony of his discretion as well as his affection. Nevertheless, he started in pursuit of the offender. There ensued a mad chase by a 170-pound man after a two-inch mouse. By dint of strategy the man won. He opened the front door and drove the attacking party out into the darkness of the night. Then he returned to Gertrude, triumphant. He found her huddled on top of the piano, sobbing with the nervous strain of the attack. Here was a situation even harder for an athlete to cope with.

"Please don't cry," he begged her, but the sobs only increased. "He won't come back," he continued. "I won't let him come back."

"Jack," said Gertrude, "you are so brave."

The look that accompanied this praise was eloquent. Jack came over to the piano.

"Dear," he said fervently, "won't you let me chase mice for you—always?"

M. K. S.

The Races.
There is no occasion during the entire year that calls for more careful attention to one's attire than the spring meet of the Ontario Jockey Club. As the time approaches for this event, it becomes of paramount importance for every man who pays any attention to his personal appearance to see to the replenishing of his wardrobe. Whether it be a covert or a paddock overcoat, a frock coat or a sack suit that is required, the careful dresser cannot do better than consult Levy Bros., corner of Scott and Colborne streets—tailors to Toronto's "jock."

A lawyer, pleading the case of an infant plaintiff, took the child, its eyes suffused with tears, in his arms, and presented it to the jury. This had a great effect till the lawyer of the opposite side asked what made him cry. "He pinched me," answered the little innocent.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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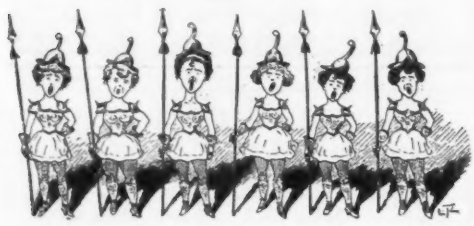
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THE DRAMA



WHEN Mr. E. S. Willard in his remarkably telling voice said on Monday last, at the conclusion of his first night's appearance in his week's engagement at the Princess, "I am always sincerely pleased to appear before a Toronto audience," the spontaneous burst of applause from the large house must have showed him that the feeling was cordially reciprocated. Mr. Willard is probably the most popular actor that appears on Toronto boards, and what is somewhat remarkable in that little quantity, the play-going public, his popularity increases with each succeeding visit. Toronto has some claims to having taken a leading part in the discovery of Mr. Willard. The creator of *The Middleman* has not yet been recognized as a great actor in Great Britain, and it is only within a comparatively few years that he has been able to fill New York play-houses night after night in a long engagement. We accepted Mr. Willard from the first and Toronto's judgment is being proved to be good. His work and nearly all the week's repertoire are familiar to Toronto audiences, and show not only a wide range of character and a consummate knowledge of the taste of the public, but display of the peculiarly forceful personality of Mr. Willard. The lessons taught by the plays given by Mr. Willard and his excellent company are always wholesome, and are dignified by the artistic manner in which they are produced. The supporting company is—what generally attends upon a leading actor in an English company—thoroughly competent. There was that careful attention to detail in make-up, scenery and accent that causes so many United States companies to suffer by comparison, no matter how brilliant the star may be or how interestingly the plot may develop.

The Mummy and the Humming Bird is at the Grand Opera House this week. As a play it is decidedly unique, but apart from that there is not much to be said in its favor. The acting is rather lifeless and the stage-setting in disastrously bad taste. Mr. W. A. Whitecar as *Lord Lumley*, the mummy scientist, gives a finished and pleasing piece of acting, and Mr. Henry Carl Lewis as an organ-grinder is successful. Mr. Charles Kenyon is not quite at home in the part of the society humming-bird, *Signor D'Orelli*. Miss Jane Wheatley as *Lady Lumley* is good, while the minor parts are mediocre.

The bill at Shea's this week is composed of clever, bright turns, and may safely be said to be one of the best of the season. Miss Rose Stahl and Company present the little comedy of stage life entitled *The Chorus Lady*, which is quite wholesome, as well as pleasing. Duryea and Mortimer have a little skit, *The Imposter*, which is not particularly pleasant, although rather amusing. Charles F. Semon is funny on account of his extraordinary narrowness and his ludicrous make-up. Adelaide Hermann is a sorceress of some merit. Burton and Brookes sing, etc. Pierce and Maizee sing and dance quite well. Flood Brothers, acrobatic comedians, complete the bill.

The companies which have supported Viola Allen since becoming a star have been of the highest order of excellence. Miss Allen has never relied solely upon her own reputation or abilities as an actress to please and satisfy. *The Winter's Tale*, which Miss Allen will present here the first three days of next week, with Wednesday matinee, is a drama which requires players of worth and experience. This greatest of comedies is but rarely seen for that reason. Miss Allen's leading man for this season is Mr. Henry Jewett, who will appear as *Leontes*. In 1879, when a clerk in the Bank of New Zealand he played his first part, his success was such that he at once joined the ranks of the profession. Going to Australia, he became leading man for Mr. George Ringold, in Sydney, appearing with great success as *Cassius* in *Julius Caesar*. In 1892, Mr. Jewett came to San Francisco and became the leading man of Stockwell's Theater. The following season Mr. Jewett was leading man with the Julia Marlowe company. Later he was the *John Storm* to Miss Allen's *Glory Quake* in *The Christian*, and leading man with Ada Rehan and Virginia Harned. Mr. Boyd Putnam will appear as *Polexence*. Last season Mr. Putnam appeared with Blanche Walsh in *The Resurrection*, with Mr. Goodwin in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the Century Players in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Mr. Frank Vernon, who has staged the comedy for Miss Allen, will appear as *Camillo*. For several seasons Mr. Vernon was leading man with Martin Harvey's company. Mr. Frank Currier, to whom has been entrusted the important rôle of *Autolycus*, was a member of Miss Allen's company last season, appearing with great success as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* in *Twelfth Night*. Mr. James Young, who appears as *Floriel*, was also a member of Miss Allen's company last season, appearing as *Sebastian* in *Twelfth Night*. All who saw Miss Allen's *Twelfth Night* production last season will recall Miss Zeffie Tilbury's *Maria*. In *The Winter's Tale* Miss Tilbury will appear as *Paulina*. Mr. C. Leslie Allen, who was the *Antonio* of *Twelfth Night*, will be the *Shepherd* in *The Winter's Tale*.

My Friend the Enemy, which is to be presented at the Princess Theater the last half of next week, is a comedy of the present day. Wall street is the scene of the play, and the New York stock market the cause of interest and amusement throughout its action. It is interesting throughout, and absorbingly so during the entire second act, notwithstanding the fact that the fun is here the most hilarious, owing to the blunders of a private detective engaged to seek a daughter abandoned some twenty years prior to the opening of the play. Having become a power in the financial world and



VIOLA ALLEN IN THE WINTER'S TALE AT THE PRINCESS THE FIRST THREE NIGHTS OF NEXT WEEK.

married a woman of aristocratic lineage with a grown-up son, the father, who stands somewhat in awe of his fashionable wife, fears to tell her of his lost daughter. He avoids a meeting with the daughter, but sends her money and costly jewels. This young woman, *Belle Clifton*, a wide-awake writer for a New York daily newspaper, turns detective herself. The blundering detective and the ready wit of *Belle Clifton* are an unfailing source of merriment, while the frantic jealousy of a French count in search of an American wife and in love with *Belle* causes much mirth.

Mistress Nell, the comedy in which Henrietta Crossman is making a spring tour, introduces most attractively many of the persons who were prominent associates of King Charles II. The central figures are the *King* and *Nell Gwyn*, his favorite. Bright comedy and the powerfully dramatic are skillfully interwoven, and the play is one of the cleverest ever seen on the American stage. It has been said that no other artist in this country could play the character of *Nell Gwyn* so delightfully and daintily. In *Mistress Nell*, Henrietta Crossman wears a sword that was presented to her by several theatrical people who summer on the Massachusetts coast. Miss Crossman spent part of one summer there before going to Europe, and the following autumn she received a very handsome sword inscribed with the names of the donors and the line, "A true blade for a true woman and artist." Among the donors were Aubrey Boucicault, Harry Woodruff, Nanette Comstock and the late Laura Joyce Bell.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

WHEN *Sergeant Brue*, the popular London "cop," now doing Broadway, saw the big police parade on Saturday, he had to admit, in the language of his associates, that there are others. But when the fine police band of sixty pieces swung past, playing *Give My Regards to Broadway*; *Molly*, or *Just My Style*, it was quite conclusive that the New York "cop" can be equally as musical, and as much at home in comic opera, as his London rival.

This annual police parade is one of the popular institutions of the city, and the line of march is thronged and cheered in a way that even St. Patrick's banners would be proud to own. About five thousand, or one-third, of the force were spared for the parade this year, and these, divided into ten regiments and led by five hundred of the mounted squad, marched from the Battery to Union Square, where the customary review and award of medals took place. An overcast sky made perfect weather conditions for marching, and the halts were neither so frequent nor so prolonged as on former occasions. If any one suffered it was the lemonade mascot, whose burden did not grow visibly less, as his countenance showed.

This army of five thousand stalwarts, in their new issue of grey helmets and white gloves, certainly made a fine appearance, and the populace that packed the sidewalks to the curb, filled the windows, perched on roofs, or clung to fire-escapes, testified its appreciation most lustily. Occupying the place of honor in the parade were the medal-winners of this and former years—four medals being awarded annually, three for conspicuous bravery and one "for cruelty to animals," as the small boy puts it.

The banquet given to Dr. Osler by his fellow physicians of Canada and the United States, at the Waldorf-Astoria, the other night, was an exceedingly graceful tribute to the distinguished Canadian on the eve of his departure from America to take up the Regius Professorship of Medicine at Oxford. About five hundred physicians, fully representative of the medical profession of this and his native country, were present, and the evident sincerity of every word uttered, and of

the greeting to the distinguished guest of the evening himself, testified in unmistakable terms to the esteem in which he is held in the ranks of medical science. Dr. Shepherd of Montreal spoke of Dr. Osler's work at McGill; Dr. Wilson of his work in Philadelphia; Dr. Welch of his work at Johns Hopkins, and Dr. Jacobi of this city of his work as author and physician. And while the speeches were all somewhat reminiscent, each in turn paid tribute to the inspiring influence of Dr. Osler's personality. The happiest touch of the evening, and the only reference to the now famous "age limit" theory, occurred in the presentation to Dr. Osler of a copy of James Long's translation of *De Senectute*. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who made the presentation in a delightfully humorous and felicitous speech, explained that this copy was printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1744, and added, "Cicero must be regarded as an anticipatory plagiarist, for he said in one place that it is desirable for a man to expire at the right time." In this happy vein was the allusion made, and its effect you will have to imagine. Dr. Osler's own speech was quite characteristic of the sincere, unostentatious and disinterested man on whom the highest honors of the academic profession have been bestowed.

Among the lady friends of the guests who occupied seats in the galleries at the banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria to Dr. Osler, were Mrs. Osler and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. The souvenirs of the occasion consisted of a small apothecary's mortar in which ice cream was served, together with miniature porcelain pestles.

Another tribute, impressive, too, in its kind, was the testimonial and benefit to Modjeska at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday afternoon. A magnificent audience was on hand to greet the well-known actress's last public appearance, while her fellow artists surrounded and supported her on every side, some in the interesting programme provided, and others in the humble offices of distributing programmes and *boutonnieres*, or serving cake and coffee in the handsome foyer upstairs. And how could one resist the hidden arts of these charming actresses off stage, even with the month's rent coming due!

Modjeska's own dramatic offering was the second scene from *Macbeth*, and a scene from *Mary Stuart*, wherein she was assisted by Louis James, James O'Neill, Mary Shaw and Kate Denin Wilson. Naturally these proved the items of chief interest, and at the close Modjeska was obliged to come forward and make public acknowledgment of the generosity of her friends, and hear Edmund Clarence Stedman read an illuminated address, signed by actors and actresses all over the country as well as other devotees of the dramatic art. The address bore testimony chiefly to Modjeska's devotion to art, the purity and benevolence of her character, and the loving, sympathetic nature that has endeared her to all her associates.

Other contributors to the programme were Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who read from Browning; De Pachmann, who filled the place of Paderewski—who up to the moment of his unfortunate illness had taken the leading interest in the arrangements—and David Bispham, who sang in his own characteristic style.

Modjeska's stage career began in Austrian Poland in 1861, and it was in 1876 that she came to this country imbued with the colonization scheme of some Polish patriots. The scheme was not a success, however, and as soon as Modjeska acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English language she turned to the American stage and made her first appearance in New York in 1877. From that time she has successively toured America and Europe in Shakespearean and other repertoire. The influence of this actress has always been exerted on the side of legitimate drama, and her devotion to the best traditions of art has no doubt done much to elevate the stage of the last generation.

The Oldest Living Player.

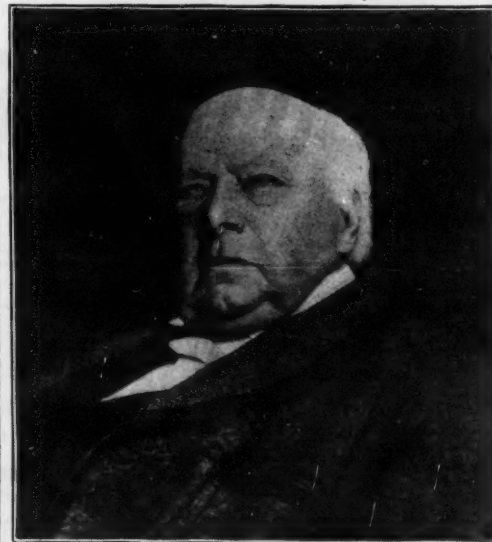
NOW that another of our old actors has passed from "life's fitful slumber"—allusion is made to Mr. Lewis Ball, who died recently at the age of eighty-five—many actors of the old school and of great age do not remain with us. For the oldest of them all we must go to Australia. In a speech at Plymouth the other day Sir Henry Irving referred to "Jimmy Doel," who, he said, was the oldest actor that ever lived—"his age was beyond belief." This same remark applies to Mr. George Coppin, far and away the oldest actor-manager in the world.

Precisely when George Coppin was born is "wropt in mystery." It is surmised that in 1837 he was playing *Ole to the Hamlet* of Gustavus Vaughan Brooke—at any rate he was certainly acting in the provinces at that period. His career, however, is more associated with Australia than with England. He arrived in Sydney as far back as 1843, and after a varied experience as actor and manager he settled down in Adelaide three years later. Here he built a theater and amassed a small fortune. Unhappily, however, he was led into speculation—through the craze due to the discovery of gold in Victoria—and lost all the money he had made in his legitimate business as actor and manager. So bad, indeed, did his affairs become that he was forced into bankruptcy.

The honorable sequel to this part of his story has been told by Mr. W. J. Lawrence, in his life of Brooke, the tragedian just mentioned: "Making his way to the diggings as best he could, Coppin tried his luck there for a fortnight, 'the only material result being a couple of blistered hands and a terrible backache. Reverting to his old profession, he, in 1852, assumed the management of the Great Malop Street Theater, Geelong, on but slender capital, and prospered exceedingly, so much so that in less than two years he had returned to Adelaide and surprised his creditors by inviting them to a dinner at which all his debts were discharged in full. Sailing for England in January, 1854, he fulfilled several successful engagements as a starring comedian in London and the provinces, and after securing the services of Brooke and others returned to the colonies in the December following."

There is ample confirmation of the fact that in the last-mentioned year, 1854—more than half a century ago, be it remembered—George Coppin, who had then been away from England for eleven years, was well known and respected in that country. Here, for instance, is an allusion to him in the diary of the late E. L. Blanchard, for many years the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*: "1854, October 1.—Prepare MS of *Dodge, Cinderella, Crusoe*, two pantomimes, and songs for Coppin to take to Australia." Two days later Blanchard records: "Coppin pays £5 for copy of *Dodge*. Sails to-morrow from Southampton in the *Argo*. Propose his health and success to him."

It was in August of this year, 1854, that Mr. Coppin met an actor with whom he was destined to be much associated, Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, who was then playing in Birmingham. Coppin engaged the tragedian for two hundred performances certain in Australia and New Zealand, and in order to carry out the contract he found it necessary to build a portable iron



theater, the holding capacity of which was 300, the cost of construction being £4,000. Brooke and his wife, accompanied by Miss Fanny Cathcart, and that excellent actor, Richard Young, left Plymouth in the paddle-wheel steamer, *Pacific*, on November 25, and reached Melbourne on February 22, 1855, a journey that is now accomplished in less than half that time. George Coppin had, in 1850, opened and conducted one of the first of Melbourne theaters, the Iron Pot, but at the time of Brooke's arrival there was only one theater in the city, the Queen's, at the corner of Little Bourke street and Queen street, which possessed an admirable stock company. Brooke, it may be added, made his first appearance on the colonial stage at the Queen's Theater on February 26, 1855, his opening part being *Othello* to the *Jago* of Richard Young, the *Desdemona* of Miss Fanny Cathcart, and the *Emilia* of Mrs. Charles Young. It is curious to note the prices on this occasion—boxes (dress circle, as we would term the seats nowadays), 12s. 6d.; pit, 7s. 6d.; gallery, 5s.

In 1856 George Coppin, in conjunction with Brooke, purchased the lease of the Theater Royal, Melbourne, and the freehold of Cremorne Gardens, Richmond (a suburb of Melbourne), for £100,000. The Theater Royal was opened on June 9 of the year named with *She Stoops to Conquer*, and a musical entertainment, the receipts being £478 15s. 6d. "Two nights afterwards," says Mr. Lawrence, "the first grand opera season ever given in the colonies was inaugurated, and following this came performances of English opera. Although an excellent company of vocalists, musicians and dancers had been engaged (among whom may be mentioned Madame Anna Bishop, Madame Caradina, Mrs. Fiddes, Julia Harland, Sarah Flower, Mr. Laglaize, Mr. Howson, and Mr. Walter Sherwin), and despite the fact that ten operas in all, ranging from *Norma* and *Der Freischütz* to *The Bohemian Girl* and *Martina*, were presented, the result was a loss to the treasury of about £3,000." Coppin and Brooke had also two other theaters and four large hotels under their management, so that modern enterprise in the theatrical world is not quite so novel as some people think. George Coppin's association with Gustavus Vaughan Brooke would make a chapter in itself. Suffice it to say of the latter that he left Australia in 1861—at which time his partner was a member of the Legislative Council—and was to have appeared there again in 1866, but fate decreed otherwise. His heroic death in the wreck of the *London* on January 11 of that year is a familiar story. The last words spoken by the actor, of which there is any record, were, "Give my last farewell to the people of Melbourne."

George Coppin enjoyed considerable fame in his day as an actor, his favorite parts being *Bob Acres*, *Lancelot Gobbo*, *Jacques*, *Colonel Damas*, *Dan White* in *Milky White*, and *Aminadab Sleek* in *The Serious Family*. In addition to Brooke, he introduced many noted actors to Australia, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen. He has for many years been entitled to add M.L.C. (Member of the Legislative Council) to his name. He spends the evening of his life between Richmond, his residence near Melbourne, and Sorrento, a seaside resort not far from the same city, which he practically established.

AUSTIN BRERETON.

Life.

No one really believes that Professor Loeb's beginning with sea-urchins, in the production of life artificially, is an accident. From sea-urchins to land—common, or garden-urchins is naturally but a step or so, and with the production of the latter the problem is solved. In the new order, of course, everybody will be an urchin to begin with. No need of urchineries will remain, unless, perchance, some trust should baffle the vigilance of the Department of Labor, corner the chemicals, and compel a temporary resort to the crude processes which now obtain. Conceivably, it will be the occasion of some embarrassment to the department stores, the Mormon Church, and possibly a few others, when all persons shall be of the masculine gender, but even these will, no doubt, adjust themselves.

RATHER PUZZLING.
Chorus—I wish we knew.

The Masterful Man.

THE masterful man doesn't loom up quite as large on the world's stage as he did. Individualism is going out. It is questionable whether the present British House of Commons would submit to be scolded, even if the offence was ameliorated by the magnificent Philipps of a Pitt. The most distinguished feature of a much respected monarch, the titular ruler of the greatest empire the world has ever known, is his tact. The British army of to-day wouldn't tolerate for a twelvemonth the iron grip of the hero of the Peninsula and Waterloo. The United States President, elected by the largest majority in history, is referred to popularly as "Teddy." A man commonly described as "Teddy" may be strenuous, but he cannot carry with him the idea of masterfulness. "Bob" Fleming may inaugurate vexatious and dogmatic regulations affecting the comfort and convenience of a city that he knows better than a book, but he generally spends the following three months conciliating the affected. The most popular general officer that ever commanded the Canadian militia couldn't dictate to the representatives of the people about matters particularly within his own ken without running against trouble. The most dominant figure in ecclesiastical Protestantism in Canada, Bishop Strachan, would, if he were alive, have to clip the wings of his ideas regarding clergy reserves and a church university or his lordship would be mighty lonesome. The village magnate, a potential combination of mill-owner, general storekeeper, J.P. and issuer of marriage licenses, no longer can promise the support of three townships to the Grit or Tory candidate that meets with his approval. The man with long hair and boots covering both extremities is very liable to dispute with him on slight provocation his views regarding the tariff and the North-West Autonomy Bill in a manner that cuts the question of a masterful personality out of the discussion altogether. Hugh Sutherland, the most masterful railway promoter of the Canadian North-West, and the powerful lobbyist of to-day, when the West was railway hungry and enthusiastic over a railway tie or a coupling-pin was kept busy answering the questions of unorganized electors from a Winnipeg platform one night, and the conclusion of his masterful speech was not reached until the sun had beamed up on the Western plains next morning. In spite of what the late Hon. Thomas White said when Minister of the Interior, that the West was spoon-fed, the West will now probably object stronger than any other part of Canada would at the present time to be hand-fed with ecclesiastically-picked educational fruit, even if delivered by a strongly attractive personality like Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It was the peculiar masterfulness of Sir Mackenzie Bowell that accounted for much of the incentive that brought about the questionable manner of his deposition as leader of the Conservative party. With all Sir John A. Macdonald's charm of manner, knowledge of men and



The man with long hair and boots is very liable to dispute with him.

political finesse, his dictatorship would be resented in the party politics of to-day. The editorials of George Brown would now be impossible in any great journal read by the electorate.

In the distinctly social affairs of to-day, a Beau Nash or a Brummel is an impossibility. The complacent social exclusiveness of even a small class, masterfully selfish in its efforts, seldom lasts a generation even if it takes a rebellion like that of '37 to wind it up.

In the world of business, the bank manager doesn't now consent to the opening of an account with an air of condescension. The successful masterful financier is not always dubbed a Napoleon in his methods on the market. He has to dodge magazine articles about frenzied finance.

The deposition of personalities commonly called masterful, from the niches into which they have hoisted themselves in the temple of fame, doesn't necessarily mean the destruction of ideals. It is merely a recognition of their common, faulty humanity. When a personality is gratuitously masterful it is just that much offensive.

The wise man of the world to-day recognizes the futility of the masterful manner. The politician who has it has difficulty in retaining his seat; the club-man with the inflated chest and pompously condescending manner is avoided, and the bank manager who acts as if he were the keystone of a financial arch is given a desk in an obscure corner of the head office. Masterfulness has a comforting sound, but the schoolmaster has been abroad long enough for the majority of men to realize that swans are a mighty scarce bird and that a common or garden gander doesn't become one because he imitates the waddle.

Suppressed Chapters.

ZENOBIA, they tell us, was a leader born and bred; Of any sort of enterprise she'd fitly take the head.

The biggest, burliest buccaniers bowed down to her in awe; To Warriors, Emperors or Kings, Zenobia's word was law.

Above her troop of Amazons her helmet plume would toss, And every one, with loud accord, proclaimed Zenobia boss.

The reason of her power (though the part she didn't look), Was simply that Zenobia had once lived out as cook.

Xantippe was a Grecian Dame—they say she was the wife Of Socrates, and history shows that she led him a life!

They say she was a virago, a vixen and a shrew, Who scolded poor old Socrates until the air was blue.

She never stopped from morn till night the clacking of her tongue, But this is thus accounted for. You see, when she was young— (And 'tis an explanation that explains, as you must own), Xantippe was the Central of the Grecian telephone.

CAROLYN WELLS.

Exclusive.

The following notice is said to be posted on the door of an English country church:

"This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard but those living in the parish, and those who wish to be buried are requested to apply to me." (Signed) _____, Parish Clerk."

Don't be angry with the coal-man. He is doing you the best he can.



A. T. SMITH.

COMPLIMENTS ONE MIGHT IMPROVE ON.

Mrs. Mudge—I do admire the women you draw, Mr. Penink. They're so beautiful and so refined! Tell me, who is your model?
Penink—Oh, my wife always sits for me.
Mrs. Mudge (with great surprise)—You don't say so! Well, I think you're one of the cleverest men I know!
[Mrs. Penink's opinion of Mrs. Mudge falls below zero.—Punch.]

A Pen Picture.

THE following is the only reliable pen picture of Christ as seen in actual life, and is an exquisite piece of word painting. It is taken from an MS. now in the possession of Lord Kelly and in his library. It was copied from an original letter of Publius Lentulus at Rome, it being the usual custom of Roman Governors to advise the Senate and the people of such material things as happened in their provinces in the days of Tiberius Caesar. Publius Lentulus, Procurator of Judea, wrote the letter to the Senate:
"There appeared in these, our days, a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us; and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of truth. He raises the dead and cures all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall, and comely, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair of the color of a chestnut full ripe; plain to his ears, whence downward it is more orient and curling, and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam, a partition in the hair, after the manner of the Nazarenes. His forehead plain and very delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red. His nose and mouth so formed that nothing can be reprehended. His beard in color like his hair, not very long, but forked. His look innocent and mature. His eyes grey, clear and quick and luminous. In reproving he is terrible, his eyes piercing—as with a two-edged sword—the greedy, the selfish and the oppressor, but look with tenderest pity on the weak, the erring and the sinful. Courteous and fair-spoken. Pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent—a man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

The Main Point.

"Yes," said the lawyer reminiscently, "women are strange creatures. I remember a case where I had been trying for close on seven years to recover a good round sum which was due to a client of mine from the Government for compensation. At last, however, after long and weary trying, the red-tape department gave in, and paid over a cheque. I tell you I was delighted, both on my client's account and my own, for it takes pertinacity and cleverness to get money from the Treasury. And, besides, I knew the man I was working for had fallen on desperately hard times, and that the cheque would be a blessing indeed. So I took my hat and rushed round to his house. He wasn't in, but his wife was sitting quietly sewing."

"Mrs. Davis," I shouted, waving the cheque on high, "it's come at last—at last! The Treasury has just sent your cheque, and—"

"Oh, have they?" she said quietly. "I'm glad; but please don't make so much noise, or you'll wake the baby!"

"What's the matter with that little Cuban baby? He looks below par." "Yes; modern science did it." "How's that?" "Oh, he was brought up on sterilized cigars."

Random Shots.

WONDERFUL WOMEN.

(A writer in Japan states that in that country there is a sect of women who never speak—from choice.)

What wonderful women they grow in Japan!

They are built on a truly original plan.

For 'tis said that a sect of them speak not a word.

You men who are married may say it's absurd

To believe such a statement—impossible quite—

But we're told that the story's undoubtedly right.

If it is—then congratulate lucky Japan.

For the Japs have a start on our civilized plan.

They are safe from the scourge of a merciless tongue,

Whereas we in the West are quite frequently stung

By the pointed remarks from some eloquent spouse

Whose husband's as mute and as meek as a mouse.

Married life must be bliss in the land of Japan;

There the wives ask no questions that puzzle a man:

When he climbs up the stairs in the still early morn

His ears are not tortured with scolding and scorn.

She never complains when they move to new flats,

And she never insists on new dresses and hats.

DR. OSLER'S LATEST.

(Speaking at Montreal recently, Dr. Osler stated that college professors nowadays get too little time to think.)

Our professors are so busy that they don't get time to think—

At least so says the Doctor, and it makes our spirits sink.

Though the statement is alarming, yet 'twould seem it must be so;

Doctor Osler's a professor, and of course he ought to know.

AS WE SOON SHALL SEE.

As the lambs that are led to the slaughter,

As the sheep 'fore their shearers are dumb,

Are the young men we know as "the talent"

When back from the races they come.

W. F. W.

Fortunes of Presidents.

Washington left an estate valued at \$800,000; John Adams left about \$75,000; Jefferson died so poor that he would have been a pauper had not Congress purchased his library for \$20,000; Madison left about \$150,000; Monroe died poor and was buried at the expense of relatives; John Quincy Adams left about \$55,000 at his death; Jackson, about \$80,000; Van Buren, \$400,000; Polk, \$150,000; Taylor, \$150,000; Tyler married a woman of wealth; Fillmore left \$200,000; Pierce, \$50,000; Buchanan, \$200,000; Lincoln, \$75,000; Johnson, \$50,000; Grant lost his wealth in the Grant & Ward failure; Hayes, Garfield and Harrison were all moderately well off, and Cleveland's fortune is probably larger; McKinley's fortune was not over \$60,000.



THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

The Hierarchy—Thrust him down, Sir Wilfrid; our position must be retained.

100-Year-Old Nelson Letter Has an Odd Timeliness.

THERE is an odd sort of timeliness about an autograph letter of Lord Nelson's which is to be sold at auction in London next month. It was written on May 4, one hundred years ago. Moreover, Nelson penned this missive, which was addressed to Lady Hamilton, on board his flagship *Victory* when he was yearning to "get at" the French fleet opposed to him, much as—at this writing—Admiral Togo must be aching to tackle the Russian armada.

Nelson collectors in London—who, by the way, are hoping against hope that the letter may not be carried off by an American—consider the manuscript's chief value, however, to be the reference which Nelson makes in it to his "dear daughter Horatia." The letter, dated May 4, 1805, runs thus:

"Your poor, dear Nelson is, my dearest beloved Emma, very, very unwell. After a two years' hard fag it has been mortifying, the not being able to get at the Enemy. As yet I can get no confirmation about them. At Lisbon this day week they knew nothing about them, but it is now generally believed that they are gone to the West Indies. My movements must be guided by the best judgment I am able to form. John Bull may be angry, but he never had any offense. Who has served him more faithfully? But Providence, I rely, will yet crown my never-failing exertions with success, and that it has only been a hard trial of my fortitude in bearing up against untoward events. You, my own Emma, are my first and last thoughts, and to the last moment of my breath they will be occupied in leaving you independent of the world; and all I long for in the world is that you will be a kind and affectionate friend to my dear (a word obliterated) daughter Horatia. May God protect you and my dear Horatia, prays ever your most faithful and affectionate," etc.

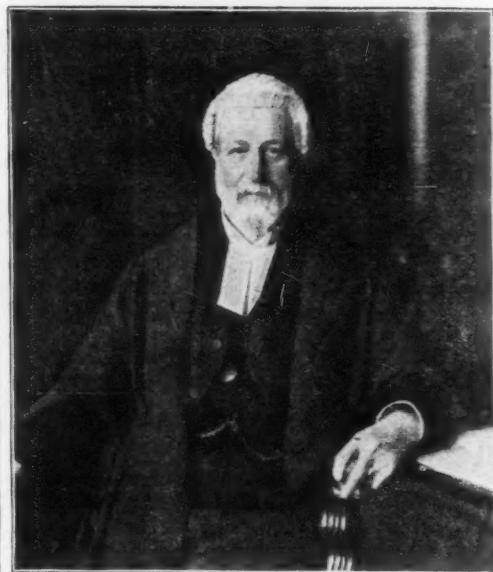
No Change.

They had been engaged three years, but there seemed no indications that the good ship *Matrimony* was hovering in the offing. She was getting restless, but when she touched the subject he dexterously turned the conversation.

Recently he turned it off to physiology, a science of which he was a student.

"Yes," he said airily, "it is a strange but well-authenticated fact that the whole of the human body changes every seven years. You, my dear, are Miss Jones now. In seven years you will have changed completely. Not a particle of your present self will be left; but, all the same, you will still be Miss Jones."

"Oh, shall I?" said the angry damsel, tugging away at the third finger of her left hand. "I assure you I won't, if I have to marry a dustman! Of all the cool impudence—Here, take your ring, and I never, never want to see you again!"



A FAMOUS ENGLISH JUDGE.

THE LATE SIR FRANCIS JEUNE—LORD ST. HELIER.

By the death of Sir Francis Jeune one of the most courtly figures that ever adorned the English bench is removed. Born in 1845, he was the son of Francis Jeune, Bishop of Peterborough, and in due time distinguished himself at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford. As an ecclesiastical lawyer Sir Francis had special facilities for gaining the ear of the clergy. Twenty years after his call he "took silk" and in 1891 was summoned to the judicial bench. In the following year he became president of the Divorce Division, and in January last was raised to the peerage as Lord St. Helier.

A Toast.

Two strangers met under such circumstances that it was natural they should fall into conversation.

"I notice," said the first stranger, "that although it is winter, you seem to be unusually warm."

"I am warm," said the second stranger. "I'm sweltering. The fact is, I have on a suit of the very heaviest underwear that money can buy. It is double thickness across the chest, and weighs about a ton."

"I notice," said the first stranger again, "that you have a slight cold. Are you doing anything for it?"

"Am I?" exclaimed the second stranger. "Am I doing anything for that cold! That makes me smile. Last night, he continued, with an air of deep pathos, "I had my feet soaked in boiling hot water. I put on a large, red-hot mustard plaster to toe. I drank four quarts of steaming lemonade by actual measurement, and I'll bet that the blankets I slept under were at least four feet thick."

"Have something to console you," said the first stranger, as he offered him a pure Havana.

The second stranger shook his head disconsolately.

"I swore off smoking," he replied, "about two months ago."

"Have a drink?"

"I swore off drinking at the same time."

The first stranger looked at him with unusual interest.

"Never mind," he said. "It's all right, of course. But as long as you don't indulge, will you come in and watch me? I have a toast to give you."

"Certainly," replied the second stranger, looking fearfully around.

They went in and sat down.

The order was given and filled.

"And now," said the second stranger, inquiringly, "what is your toast?"

"This," replied the first stranger, as he sympathetically raised his glass. "Here's to that adorable, charming, and altogether lovely woman whom I know you must have just married."—Life.

Negotiations Broken Off.

Rumors of peace were afloat everywhere, and at the club the matter had been debated at full length. McDonnell and Packerton had been exceedingly interested in the discussion, and had stayed till the bitter end, and now they were seeing each other home, while the pale stars looked down and wondered why people who had the opportunity did not get to bed earlier, and winked solemnly.

"I say, Packerton," said McDonnell timidly, "we're in our road now, and your eyes are better than mine. Is there a light in my dining-room window?"

"There is," said his friend ominously.

And McDonnell sighed a long, dank, dreary sigh.

"That peace business," he said sadly, "is all nonsense. She's sitting up."

"Miss Mugley said she paid three guineas a dozen for those photos of herself." "Well, they're not a bit like her."

"Of course not. What do you suppose she paid three guineas for?"

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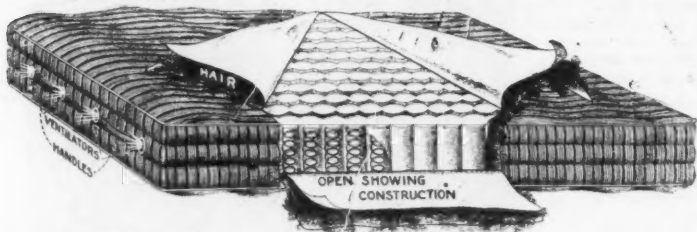
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The Wit of Women.

Senator Dewey, at a dinner, was praising the wit of women. "Against this wit," he said, "we men are powerless. Even when all the right and logic of an argument is on our side, woman, with her wit, will nine times out of ten put us to shame. Thus a man once found that his wife had bought a few puffs of false hair. This displeased him. He hid in the hall one day, and, just as the

lady was fixing the false puffs upon her brow, he darted in upon her. "Mary," he said reproachfully, "why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" "Why," his wife answered, "do you put the skin of another calf on your hands?"

The funniest thing is how a widow kisses a man as if she had never heard of such a thing before.

When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone, a school-girl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."

Ethel—Mamma, if a little boy is a lad, why isn't a big boy a ladder? Mamma—For the same reason, I suppose, that although a little doll is a doll, a big doll is not a dollar. Ethel (reflectively)—That's so. My big doll was two dollars.



LADY GAY'S COLUMN
HAT is the ideal household? Did you ever long to descend upon a neighbor's roof-tree and weed out some of the discordant or uncongenial entities dwelling beneath? Such and such a home would be a dream of happiness and peace but for one malevolent influence, always stirring up uneasy mistrust, strife and bitterness. The intrusion of the mother-in-law has served for generations of jokers until their work was done; she must realize that her presence suggests so much of the ludicrous by association and remembrance that she feels bound to comport herself with reticence and amiability, and the balefulness is kept under lock and key. An idea comes down from the patriarchal epoch, when race-suicide was not discussed, and "the more the merrier" was the sentiment, that the ideal household is one full of small fry and resounding with healthy clamor. It may have been such in the tent era, but nowadays conditions make the "quiverful" largely a discipline to the parents and a dreary plague to the neighbors. The ideal household is not a palatial, luxuriously plenished residence with master, mistress and six servants, a child or two, perhaps, coming in with the dessert, when master and mistress dine alone, or taking their midday mutton and rice pudding with a bored and civil mamma once in a while presiding. The ideal household needs a closer and more constant contact between its members. The ideal household is not built on passionate love, on wealth or art or numbers. The more one thinks what it must be, the more one realizes its rarity. Congenial spirits, mutual consideration, and affection not warm enough to be exacting, will help to realize the ideal, but who shall assure all three?

itely crisp and pink, and where other buds drooped it sat erect among dark, soft leaves. That bud began to fascinate me the first day, and as I sat writing some occult command bade me look up at it. It was a personality by the second day, a growing, gracious revelation of the best and most perfect unfolding possible to a rose. One by one the crisp leaves turned imperceptibly back, and more and more and more followed them. On the third day it said to me as plainly as ever voice spoke, "You will find it worth while to watch me, for I am the perfection of effort. No root, no native air, no peer have I. Just you observe how a rose can achieve its very best." It seemed even that the other roses knew, or rather of course they knew! The American Beauty, coarse, heavy-scented, big, *bourgeois*, shed her great, full-tinted petals in homage; the white roses turned yellow at the edges with envy. One lesser pink rose, like first-lady-in-waiting to the Queen, gently undid a few folds of her pink petticoats and meekly looked on. Meanwhile that royal thing developed new beauty and perfection, spreading her outer leaves grandly, and letting me see her little heart, soft and pink and sweet, with a delicate elusive fragrance, a soul-perfume. I looked at her with delight, and she spoke to me on the fourth day, sitting full-blown and queenly. "I have done my best, which is the best a rose can do. I am perfect in tint, fragrance and form. I have gladdened one woman who understands. You and I will know each other again somewhere; then you will recognize who it is you have loved and watched these four brief days." I left her alone in the dark that night, and to-day she is gone! The rose, faded, but still pink, stands before me; but she who dwelt in its heart, gave it that subtle charm and made me look and listen, is away! Who was she? Never mind, she was here with me for four days, and she has promised me that we shall meet again!

LADY GAY.

Pleasant Hours With British Murderers.

HAVE you ever been in conversation with a murderer? The question may seem a little unusual, but when we remember the numerous strangers with whom the ordinary citizen is brought into transitory contact during a single year it propounds a very live possibility. Notorious persons of all descriptions may have shaken us by the hand, and we may have even exchanged a passing courtesy with "Jack the Ripper!" Murderers and malefactors of all descriptions have frequently possessed the most engaging manners—which is not extraordinary when we reflect that all crime is primarily built upon an ability to deceive; and it has not been unusual for the most nefarious ruffians to leave pleasant memories in the minds of those whom they have met and conversed with casually.

The rather famous case of Miss Hyde and the Burke and Hare murderers exemplifies this. Burke and his miserable companion, it will be remembered, were the infamous garroterers who flourished nearly a century ago. At this time, Miss Mary Elizabeth Hyde was a lady engrossed in charitable pursuits, and it was charity that one day took her into an obscure dwelling situated in one of the now demolished quarters of the Edinburgh slums. She had heard that an old woman was lying near to death, and accordingly visited her with some delicacies and—being a Scotswoman—with a Bible.

The old woman appeared deeply grateful to Miss Hyde for her kind offices, and was in conversation with her when a young man entered the room. The old woman introduced him to Miss Hyde as her son, and he requested that she would read to them a little out of the Bible. He was a rough, brutal-looking personage, but the young lady was astonished at the rapid attention he displayed whilst she read aloud certain passages from the sacred book. Tears stood in his eyes; but she smiled when she had concluded, and offered to conduct her into the street.

"The stairs are dark, miss, and you will never find your way out alone," he said, holding open the door.

Immediately the old woman, who was apparently bedridden, sprang with a shriek from her filthy couch, seized the man by the arm, and dragged him to one side of the room.

"Run for your life!" she cried to Miss Hyde. And then, turning to the man, added: "You shall not go near the young lady; I swear you shall not!"

Afterwards Miss Hyde discovered that the man who had so politely offered to conduct her down the darkened stairway was none other than the villainous William Burke. The old woman's intervention most probably saved the girl's life.

Many were the unsuspecting persons who passed a pleasant hour in the company of Charles Peace, and Mrs. Catherine Price-Williams is one of the few surviving. She relates that she was promoting penny-readings in Yorkshire many years ago, when a benevolent-looking little old gentleman accosted her one day in the street, and, describing himself as a musician, offered to assist at one of her entertainments. She gladly accepted the offer, and that evening the stranger kept his promise.

The musician was Charles Peace. Mr. William Tenterden, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, tells that in 1881 he was travelling to London in the train with an elderly man, who was evidently of the professional classes. Half way through the journey Mr. Tenterden was seized with a sudden faintness. His fellow-passenger, observing the seizure, introduced himself as a physician, and proffered Mr. Tenterden a capsule from a little bag which he carried on his knees. Mr. Tenterden gratefully accepted the capsule—then an innovation in the medical world—and, feeling almost instantly better, fell into close conversation with his companion on the immense strides made by medical science during the recent years. On leaving the train the two men exchanged cards, and the physician proved to be Dr. Lamson, who was subsequently known as "The Wimbledon Poisoner." He poisoned his bro-

ther-in-law, John Percy, with aconite, and the drug was administered in capsules.

A very similar experience was that of Mr. Julius McAvoy, a resident of Leytonstone, who passed an amusing half-hour on a railway journey with Lefroy, the miscreant who, it will be remembered, murdered Mr. Gold in a train travelling from London to Brighton. Several other gentlemen were in the carriage with Mr. McAvoy, and all were diverted by the extravagant conceit shown by young Lefroy, who imagined that everyone admired him, and took it for granted that he was the subject of conversation.

In 1898 a Mrs. John Elliot resided with two children in North London. The elder of the children, a little boy, was much fascinated by a charming young lady who constantly used to pass Mrs. Elliot's window. The young lady was singularly beautiful, was dressed fashionably in Parisian style, and lived close by. She was somewhat remarked by the neighbors, but her shy, half-frightened manners did not allow them to make advances. The only person whom she admitted to her friendship was the little boy Elliot, whose frank and innocent admiration seemed to touch her heart. She would talk frequently with the child, and occasionally bring him presents of toys and sweets. She told the mother on one occasion that she loved him because he brought to her mind another little boy she knew. One day the sad-eyed, beautiful girl disappeared, and was seen no more in Bethune road. The little boy Elliot was inconsolable, and frequently asked his mother where "his princess" had gone to, and when she would return.

"Hush, child," said Mrs. Elliot. "She has gone away to another country. The princess will never return."

"The princess" was Louise Masset, and she was hanged for the murder of her infant son at Dalston railway station.

But instances of criminals with engaging personalities are too numerous to chronicle.

William Horsford, who was executed at Cambridge for the murder of his cousin, Annie Holmes, was locally one of the most popular men. And there are many persons alive to-day in England and Australia who can testify to the remarkable, if insidious, personality of Deeming, the wife-slayer.—Answers.

Another Turbine Atlantic Liner.

Contemporaneously with the completion of the maiden voyage of the first turbine Atlantic liner, the *Victorian*, the sister ship *Virginian* was running her speed trials on the Firth of Clyde, when she developed the very creditable speed of 19.8 knots an hour. Compared with the daily records of the fastest Atlantic liners, this performance is not, of course, remarkable; but when we bear in mind that these two ships were designed originally for a sea speed of about 17 knots an hour, it will be seen that the accomplishment of nearly 20 knots on trial is one more tribute to the capacity of the marine turbine to exceed, when pushed to the limit, by a considerable margin the results for which it is designed. The *Victorian* showed a trial speed of a fraction over 19 knots an hour. The first ocean voyage of the *Victorian*, which consumed 7 days 22 hours and 50 minutes, was made under extremely unfavorable circumstances, as she started in a gale of wind, encountered bad weather on the way across, and was obliged to go considerably to the south of her natural course, as far south indeed as the latitude of New York, in order to avoid the icebergs, thereby lengthening her voyage by more than three hundred nautical miles. Moreover, it was stated by the captain that the boilers gave considerable trouble by priming. The maximum speed reached during the voyage was 16 1-2 knots. The *Virginian* completed her first voyage under favorable weather conditions in 6 days, 22 hours and 45 minutes. This is the fastest record. On the important question of vibration, the officers and passengers appear to be unanimous in stating that it was practically eliminated in these ships. This, of course, does not prove that there will be a similar absence of engine vibration when a liner with turbine engines is being driven at the speeds of 23 to 23 1-2 knots, at which the fastest of the German ships have been driven by their reciprocating engines. But it is fair to presume that even at such high speeds the vibration will be confined to that which comes from the propellers.

Suspicious.

"Russell Sage has a penetrating mind," said a New York broker. "He can see through nearly everything. I doubt if he was ever duped on an investment yet."

"They say that two promoters once called on Mr. Sage to try to interest him in a certain scheme of theirs. They talked to the great financier about an hour. Then they took their leave, having been told that Mr. Sage's decision would be mailed to them in a few days."

"I believe we've got him," said the first promoter hopefully, on the way up-town.

"I don't know," rejoined the other.

"He seemed very suspicious."

"Suspicious?" said the first. "What makes you think he was suspicious?"

"Didn't you notice," was the reply, "how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"

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Training the Man in Front

How Motormen are taught, by means of a Skeleton Car, to guide the Vehicles of Death through City Streets.—Cause of Accidents.

In the hands of a motorman, either incompetent from lack of assimilating the details of his training to the last degree, or because of a physically nervous temperament that makes him untrustworthy in an emergency, a trolley car becomes, in the words of R. J. Fleming, "a vehicle of death," menacing alike the property and the lives of citizens. As soon as he runs his car out of the barn, it is strictly up to the man on the front platform. He has under his feet, so to speak, a mechanically sentient unit vibrating with electric energy which, diverted, may wreak harm to passengers or bystanders, besides being a weapon of impact and battering proclivities the effects of which are seen frequently on the city streets.

A percentage of all street railway accidents that occur, apart from the unavoidable fraction, may be traced directly to the driver of the car and prove either his unfitness for the post, or inefficiency of the car apparatus he controls. His unfitness may be due either

hours. Practically the same method existed after electricity was introduced until a few years ago, when the need of an organized training became imperative, and at present there is a regular training school in which the aspirant for honors as a motorman takes his course in fourteen days' practical work, and to graduate must pass a test on a skeleton car before he is intrusted with a "live" moving vehicle on the streets.

The first elements considered in an applicant by the employment agent of the Street Railway Company are his heart action, breathing capacity, nervous state, and eye and ear performance. He is put through his physical paces in the examination room on the second floor of the head offices, by Dr. Johnson, the company's physician. Visual defects are sought for in an ophthalmic test that includes his ability to distinguish color. He must prove he can read and write also, and if sound physically he makes his way to the training school situated in a room on the second floor of the motor and repair shops building, a realm

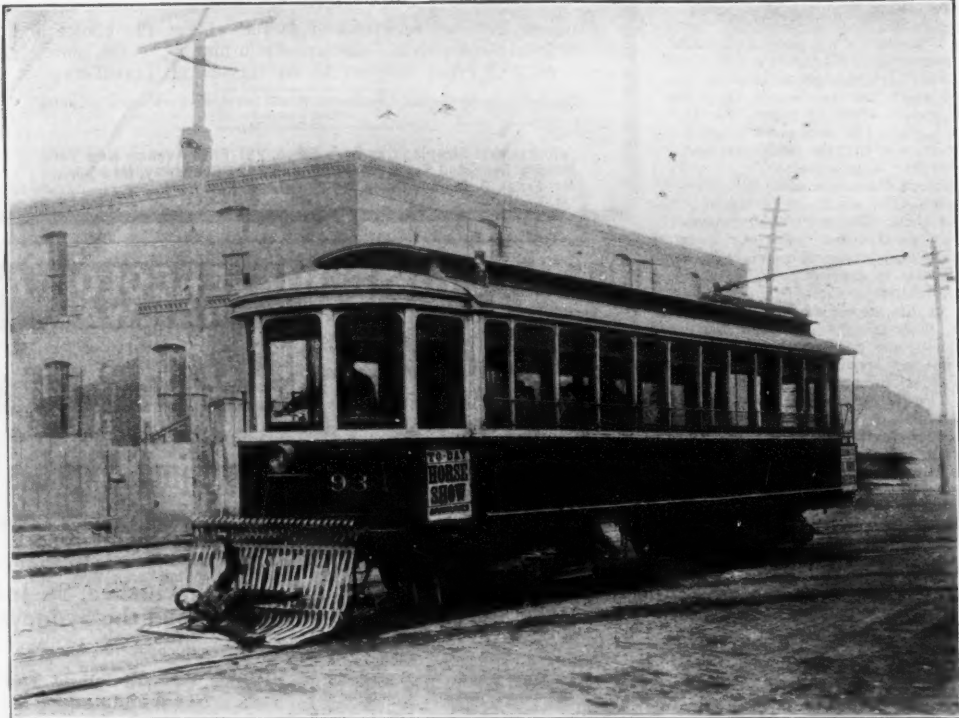
lights. To illustrate some of the scientific lessons a motorman must grasp before he is judged efficient, the superintendent stepped on to the front platform of the skeleton car, and with no power as yet turned on, grasped the controller handle and illustrated the first step in knowledge, teaching how to "notch the controller."

Almost without exception, every new man when requested to turn the handle that regulates the current, switches it around on the controller at least five notches without a stop. The controller is "dead," and no harm is done, but if he were to duplicate this action on a trolley car on the tracks, the car would dart out almost from under his feet and the passengers would be piled in a heap on the floor, or precipitated towards the rear exit of the trolley car. So the new man is shown that by moving the controller handle an inch or so, he reaches the first notch, which he can feel and hear click, and at equal distances, more notches, until his handle completes the circuit of the controller, when he has

few feet. To the new man, a brake is simply to stop headway, and the quicker it is done the better. So when his instructor tells him to apply the brake, he jams it on. On a dry rail the effect of this is to grind the brake-shoes and cause the passengers to suddenly shift their positions, sometimes with great force. A nervous man is apt to do this any time, and on just the one occasion when he should not do it; in an emergency, he gets panicky, and is almost sure to. On a rail slippery with ice, snow, grease, water or moisture, he locks the wheels

of this skeleton car, the motorman can trace the course of the current from the overhead wire till it grounds in the tracks. Having followed so far, the instructor switches power into the controller, and the motorman in the process of making is instructed to move his controller handle one notch. He does so and in each of the five vertical incandescent lights before him, a thin red line appears. When he moves to the second notch, the first light goes out and the remaining four become more intense. This object lesson shows him as hours

dent throws off his power and sets the brake. But apparently nothing will do save the emergency stop. So the hand is again raised as a signal for it. The excited man on the front platform, who would be twice as upset if he were on the platform of a real car on the rails and moving, simply reverses, with his brake set hard as he has just set it. The motor cannot move the locked wheels, consequently the circuit-breaker blows out and the car has struck the object ahead because, when the circuit-breaker blows out, the power is lost, and even should



Emergency Stop—practising quick fender trip to save life.

to mental and physical qualities inherent in himself, despite training given him, or to the fact that his training itself was not as complete nor as thorough as the exigencies of his position demand. It is only step by step that the responsibility of the motorman on the front of a car has been recognized by the local company, and at the present time the term of his active training for the position extends over a period of but fourteen days, during which time he is supposed to master a variety of subjects.

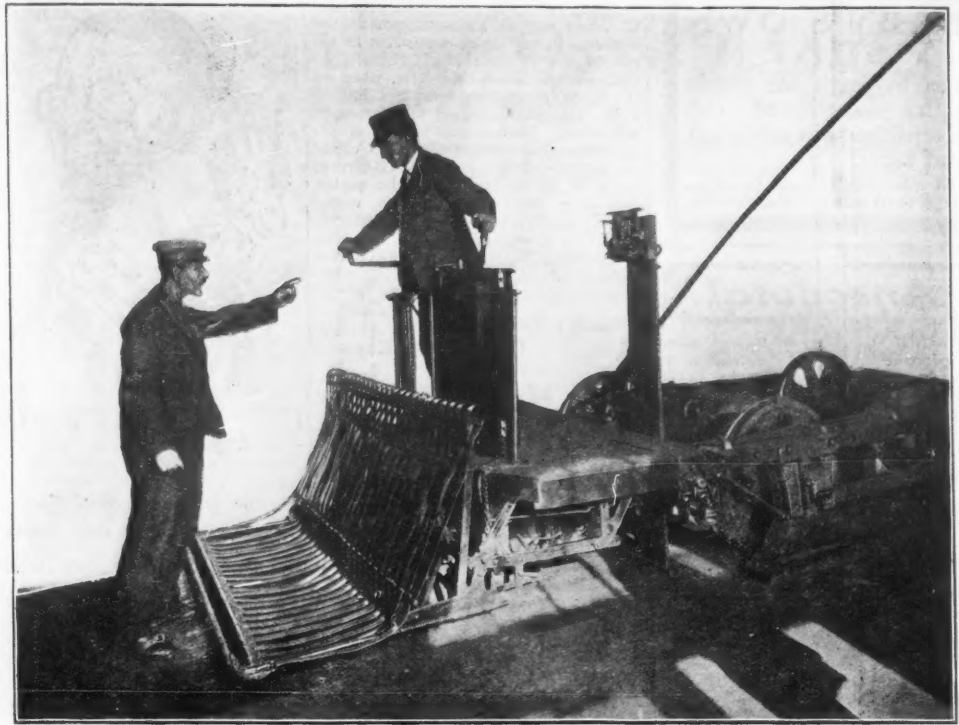
The inadequacy of this term of fourteen days has been partially recognized by the manager of the Toronto Railway Company in an informal manner, and the probability is that ere long a system of instruction laid down along present lines, but embracing a much wider area as regards the factor of time, will be installed, which will produce only motormen so thoroughly up to their mechanical and scientific task that the system of training itself must be held non-labile for mishaps that occur on the streets.

It is not so many years since that a force of forty-eight horses furnished the motive power for the system, and the conductors were forced to turn their pockets inside out when going to work,

presided over until recently by Alexander M. Smith, mechanical and electrical superintendent, and now in charge of his successor, John H. Donnelly, formerly of the Indianapolis system.

When the green man enters the room he sees before him a skeleton car, with no body to hide the true inwardness of the mechanism. This is as a car would be with all the wooden parts burned away. The wheels are attached to the trucks, which are permanently jacked off the floor to allow them to revolve in either direction. The brake and controller, fender and gong are in place. He sees the rheostat and motors, and the trolley pole held in position above the car, and with this object lesson before him he can trace the course of the current from the trolley wire, through the circuit-breaker into the controller, thence into the rheostat, through the motors and wheels into the track, thus completing the circuit. It is just as necessary for him to know his car as it is for the engineer to know his engine in all its mechanical details. In one way this demand is more imperative, because when a motorman steps on to his front platform he loses his identity and becomes a mere unit working to adhere to

passed over nine notches and is running at full speed. It takes him some time to learn delicacy of touch, and many motormen never learn it. He stands on the platform of the skeleton car erect, with one hand on the controller handle and the other grasping the brake. He must learn to apply the brake every time he shuts off the current, and he is made to do this repeatedly until the action becomes mechanical with him, and, no matter what else his head and hands may be doing, to continually press the gong under his foot at frequent intervals. He learns to avoid his brake handle only when it has swung round and struck him a few times in the solar plexus. When it comes to applying the brake he does it wrongly. That is, he turns the handle to arm's length away from him and attempts to complete the revolution instead of giving a half-turn, releasing, and giving another half-turn, and concluding by short sharp pushes on the handle that tap the brake shoe against the wheel tire, and stop the car more effectively and more quickly than jamming the brake on hard can possibly do. This process also gives him leverage and purchase and saves him from needless exertion. Of course when the



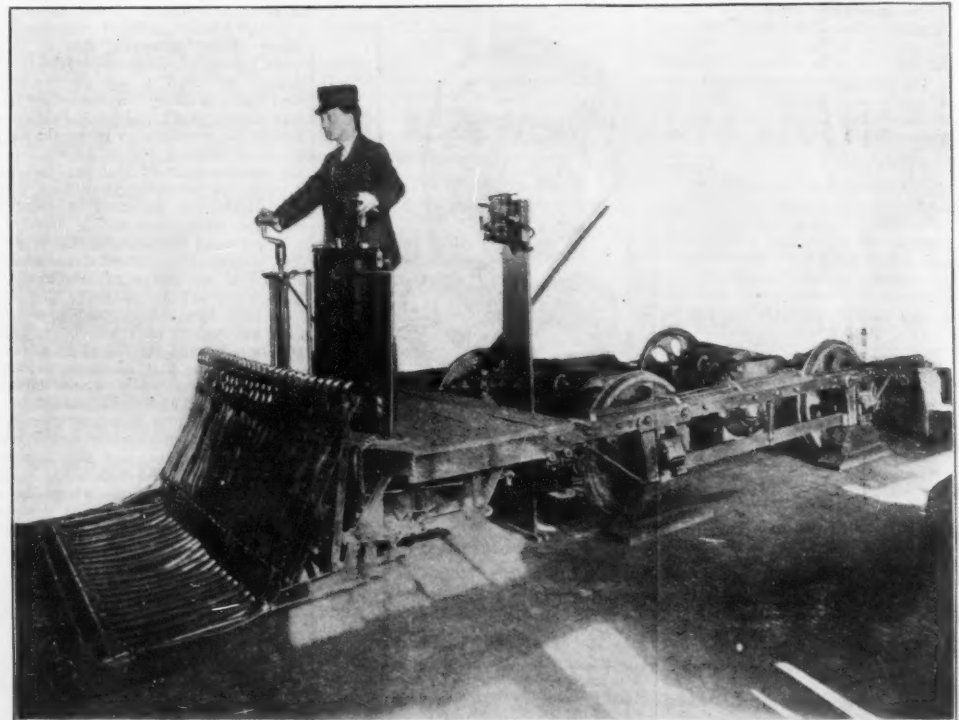
Incorrect position to brake. Pupil hunched against dashboard, with brake extended at arm's length.

and the car "skids." By pressing the brake on the wheel, releasing it, putting it on again, and repeating this, he brings his car to a standstill with no strain on the machinery, and in two-thirds the distance he can do so by the incorrect method. These are simple things to learn, so simple that some men never learn them, and accidents, which to the company mean increased expenditure, and to the citizen loss of life or serious injury, constantly occur. Having mastered this much, however, the pupil is turned over to a roadmaster, who escorts him on the various street car routes. From the coign of vantage of the front platform he sees what nothing his controller gradually means to the impetus of the car, and to the safety of pedestrians and traffic generally, and why he must never lose touch with his brake or gong. The various points at which trolley-breaks occur to terminate one section and start another of the current circuits, are pointed out to him, and he sees the motorman pass one of these with his power turned off. If he ran from one section to the next and struck a full load of current with his motor

of talking might fail to do, how the strength of the current increases as he moves his controller. When he passes five notches he has gone from series to parallel. From the fifth notch the resistance of the rheostat is used to help the motors by feeding the current to it gradually. As he turns the controller handle farther and farther around the lamps become more and more intense, changing from a reddish orange to yellow and finally to a white glow. There is another object lesson behind him. The current is on now, and as the lights brighten he can hear the wheels revolve faster and faster on their jacked-up axles, with a whirr that shakes the car and the room. At a word from his instructor, the pupil, who generally looks as if he feared the wheels were going to run over him, throws around the controller handle, and ringing his gong, sets the brake. Then he is put through the "emergency stop." The roadmaster or the superintendent, or whoever his instructor may be, takes the place of the pupil on the skeleton car platform. He throws on the current and the heavy wheels begin to grind and whirl until

the motorman at this stage release his brake, the reverse would not act because the supply of energy has been cut off by the blowing out of the circuit-breaker. The chances are about even that, when he has reversed, and finding the brake on, releases it, the green motorman throws on so much power at a clip that the car rushes back, and the passengers lurch forward.

The pupil is taught also to detect and remedy any slight defect which may occur to his car, and which, if not repaired by him, may result in blocking the line. If, after he has switched on his power, the car remains stationary and "dead," he knows that either the power from the generators is not reaching the overhead wire, or an open circuit has occurred somewhere in his car. If he turns the switch for the car lights, and with cars moving about him, his lights refuse to glow, this means that the feed wire connecting with the trolley base is probably burned open or the ground wires are off. A wire splice will remedy this. If the lights illuminate and still the car does not move, he cuts off the circuit-breaker so that the electric power



Proper pose to brake. Pupil ready to stop car with straight push away.

wide open he might plug his car or blow out his circuit-breaker. The roadmaster shows him all the intersections, where other car lines run across his, where he remains at a standstill until his right of way is undisputed. Then he learns the names of the streets in their proper sequence on each route, and finally he is returned again to the training school for the finishing touches and graduation.

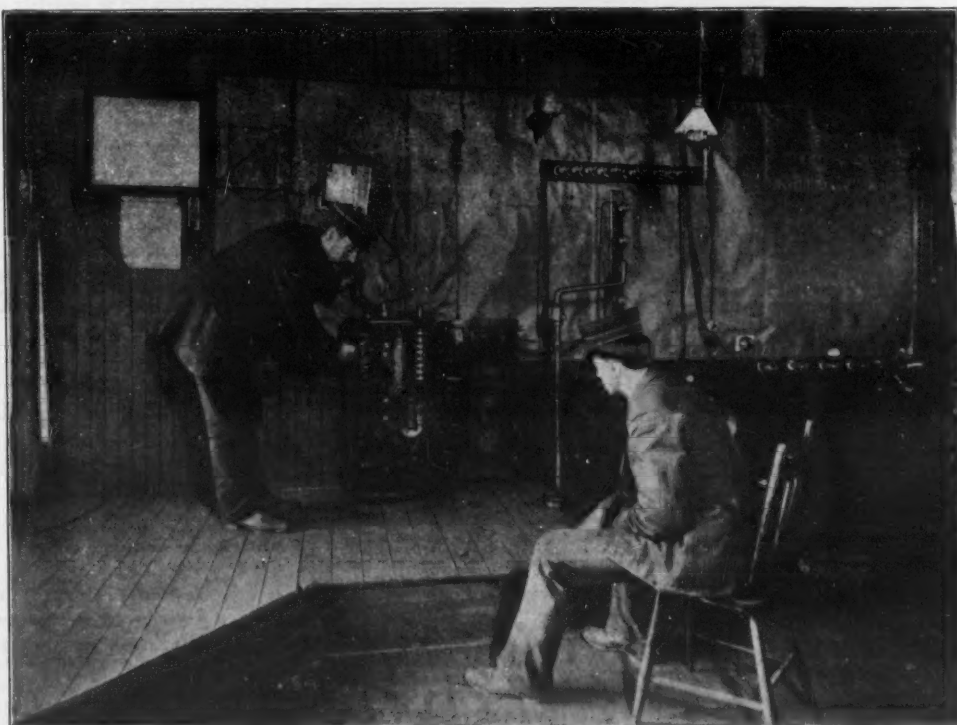
Now he deals with current, power, or "juice," as he learns to call it, and his incorrect knowledge of the current itself must be dispelled. His attention is drawn to the hood switch attached to the wall of the training school in front of him as he stands on the car platform. This is the first point at which he can exercise any control of the current entering the car. The hood switch, keyed to withstand a pressure of not more than 225 amperes, is primarily a circuit-breaker which blows out automatically if an overload of electricity sufficient to endanger the motors or the safety of the passengers is thrown for any reason into the car from the trolley wire. By knocking over the handle attached to the switch, which is stationed at his left hand in the vestibule, the motorman cuts off the current before it reaches the controller. Almost at a glance, by means

little by little, he has turned the handle to the last notch. Then, theoretically, a careless person darts from the sidewalk, or coming from behind another car going in the opposite direction, is in a position of peril right ahead.

Then the "emergency stop" is brought into play immediately. The instructor applies the brake with a complete and quick revolution and a push away from him, trips the fender, throws back the reverse lever, and releases the brake, and then throws the controller to first or second position. This causes the car wheels to revolve backwards. The controller is, or should not be, thrown further than this, or the circuit-breaker may blow out. Under the practiced hand of the expert these six motions are made almost one continuous one, occupying but a second's time for the whole operation. Then the tyro is told to try his hand at it. He takes the place lately assumed by the instructor on the front platform of the skeleton car and turns on his power. When he has reached full speed ahead the instructor raises his hand, signifying that there is some obstruction on the track, either a truck or an individual, toward which way must be made cautiously and not yet in a position of actual danger. The stu-

does not reach the controller, and opens the door to see if the contacts are good. If the fault still is not there observable, he rights the switch again, causing a return of power, and cuts out each section of the rheostat by moving the controller handle from notch to notch. If he moves to notch No. 1 and the car remains still, this shows him the trouble lies in the first section of the rheostat. If he moves five notches and gains no power, the trouble lies in some part of the car beyond his repair jurisdiction, and he either gets another car to push him off the line, or summons a roadmaster, for further tinkering on his part may result in a blow-up. The common accident in which the controller is burned out may be caused by an overload of power descending from the trolley wheel, or by the motorman injudiciously crowding too much current on the motors, or by the grounding of a cable.

"Do you understand clearly everything you have done, or do you wish to ask any questions?" queries the examiner, looking the man over. Generally a few matters need some explanation, and if the examiner is satisfied, he dismisses the new motorman with some trite instructions as to general conduct.



Instructor traces course of current from trolley pole. Explains interior of controller.

and to repeat the process at the end of the day. This performance was depended upon to reveal the receipts of the day, even if it did imply a rather pointed reflection on the personal pulchritude of the conductor. It was a raw method, and so was the training of the motorman. He was, planted on the front end of a car, and butchered into shape in a few

the schedule, and as he handles his car, avoiding loss of power, and detecting where a short circuit lies, his speed or slowness in righting things helps or hinders the schedule, and every official and employee of a street car line is a slave to the schedule.

The fender on this skeleton car faces a wall on which are strung rows of horizontal and vertical incandescent

brake chains are loose he must take up the slack by one or more full revolutions of the handle, but he is taught to do this quickly, and never when passing an intersection of other car lines or when making way during the rush hours when the streets are filled with hurrying people, any one of whom may dart out suddenly directly in front of the car, when he may have to stop in the space of a

PARTICULAR PEOPLE

BABY'S OWN SOAP

used by particular people both young and old. Keeps the skin soft, clear and white.

No other Soap is just as Good.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Anecdotal

A tourist at a hotel in Ireland asked the girl who waited on the table if he could have some poached eggs. "We haven't any eggs, sir," she replied; then, after a moment's reflection—"but I think I could get ye some poached salmon."

In Chicago, Mme. Melba received a characteristic letter from an "American" schoolboy. "Please send along a ticket for your concert to-night," it read, "for I have heard you on the gramophone, and want to know if you can really get in all those trills." The boy got two free passes.

In a certain home where the stork recently visited, there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! Oh, mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then, clasping his hands in despair, he cried, "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby."

Wellington disliked flattery. Said a stranger who had helped him over a crossing, "My lord, I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." The old duke looked at him for a moment, then, "Don't be a damned fool," he said, as he turned on his heel.

James Whitcomb Riley tells of an ancient maiden lady who, while a witness in court, was asked her age. She became embarrassed, hesitated, and asked if it were necessary to give it. The judge told her that it was, but still she was reluctant. At last, at the admonition of the judge, she said: "I am, that is, I was—" and again she broke down. "Madame, hurry up," said the impatient judge; "every minute makes it worse, you know."

Arguing forcibly, if not convincingly, against the custom of taking a bath, still happily prevalent in certain quarters, a writer relates the savory story of a Kentish farm worker whose horny hand he grasped. "Good Kent dirt," said the man, catching a critical glance. "Haven't had time to wash your hands before tea?" was the question. "Wash my 'ands!" exclaimed the man. Then he became explanatory. "I never washes my 'ands. When they gets 'ard I files 'em."

While Peter Dailey, who is noted for his late hours, was talking one of his plays that had plenty of chorus-girls in it, he astonished the company by calling a rehearsal for ten o'clock in the morning. He usually called them for two in the afternoon. "Mercy," exclaimed one of the chorus-girls, "what's the use of going to the theater at ten o'clock in the morning? Mr. Dailey won't be there." "Oh, yes, he will," retorted another member of the chorus; "he'll stop in on his way home."

Judge Sylvester Dana of the Concord, N.H., Police Court, once had a case before him in which the charge was for a technical assault, and it came out in the course of the evidence that the parties were neighbors, and had been on the best of terms for some years. "It is a great pity," said the judge, "that old friends, as you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of court?" "It can't be done, judge," answered the plaintiff, moodily; "I thought of that myself, but the cuss won't fight."

The late Baron de Hirsch, the Jewish financier, was dining at a German nobleman's house in company with a certain prince, who made no secret of his venomous antipathy to the Jews. Courtesy proved no barrier to the outflow of his spleen. Remarking upon a tour he had made in Turkey, he said he had been favorably impressed with two of its customs. "All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed." The baron, with smiling sang froid, immediately relieved the scandalized consternation of the other guests with a bland rejoinder: "How fortunate you and I don't live there!"

Admiral "Bob" Evans, in a recent conversation with a group of officers, threw a great white light upon one of the methods at least by which the Japanese have attained that splendid adaptability to European and "American" ways. "When I commanded the *New York* some years ago," he said, "I had a Jap servant with whom I was especially well pleased. He was prompt, remarkably quick to learn, and took such a deep interest in everything, that sometimes, just to amuse myself, I devoted not a little attention to explaining things that he appeared not to understand. Finally he disappeared. Some time later, when on the European station, I made a call on a Jap battleship lying in the harbor of Versailles. The captain met us at the gangway, and escorted us to his cabin. As we were seated he suddenly turned, threw off his hat, and whipped a napkin over his arm. 'The captain would drink?' he cried in a tone I remembered. 'Kato!' I cried, jumping to my feet. 'The same,' he said, bowing; 'Captain Kato, of the Mikado's navy.'"

Mary's Little Lamb.

In Different Keys.

By Tom Masson.

THE ORIGINAL.

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.



By Thomas W. Lawson of Boston.

WARNING—MARY'S LAMB!

When I made my first announcement that Mary had a little lamb, what happened?

The "System" laughed at me. And yet millions read the statement and believed.

This is nothing, however, to what will appear in the next number.

Then I shall make it plain to all that the lamb's fleece is as white as snow. Not only this, but it will be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the lamb went everywhere that Mary did.

LAWSON.



By Rudyard Kipling.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Bring back the name of Mary's pet,
Who flourished in a season cold,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

His name was just plain little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow—not yet—
Here I insert an oath—(say "damn")—
It is my style, lest you forget!



By Mr. Dooley.

"Have ye heard the noos about Mary?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Phat's thot?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "ye know the little gyrl that plays around the corner wid me uncle's wife's first cousin, the wan that's lift wid two mothers on

her hands in the last eviction contest, well, wud ye believe me, but some wan in the East sent her wan of thim lambkins, the kind I do be thinkin' that plays in Wall street on Sundays and holidays, moind ye, for I sware to ye, Hinnessy, its fleece is as white as snow."



By James Whitcomb Riley.

Onct there was a 'tittle gyrl ez good ez she could be.

Her name was ist plain Mary, the nicest name ye see.

She never said a naughty word, nor ate the pantry jam,

'N' all she had to comfort her was ist a 'tittle lamb,

With wobbly legs and bestest eyes and fleece ez white ez snow,

'N' everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go!



By Henry James.

Perhaps it was Providential, and yet it seemed to come, in the sequence of events, wholly without vagueness or sense of any obscurity, that is to say, quite naturally, without forethought, or design, or shall I say premeditation? that the girl Mary, among other nameless characteristics, doubtless alien and beside the question, so to speak, had, at the time, though it were vain to specify the precise hour or moment, this being a matter of debatable chronology, a curious illustration of nature's spendthrift energies, namely—a lamb.

The animal in question, nimble doubtless, displayed, or at least gave certain superficial evidences of displaying, although we hesitate to make the matter too plain, this being with us, as usual, time and again, over and over, and in and out—a matter of honor; nevertheless, we state that of these evidences, mentioned heretofore, there appeared, according to the published annals, two, or about two: that its fleece, a covering usually adequate in extreme weather, was colorless or white, and that wherever Mary, the girl, who apparently walked, ran, or trotted, though where is unknown, went, the lamb also developed the identical, that is, the same, characteristic.



By George Ade.

A certain Peacherie named Mamie became wise to the fact that The Willie boys were beginning to wear on Her, and that doing Time in the St. Regis and Waldorf, and on the Washington Limited, was all to the bad. So she put on her goggles and took a long look down the Alley for some New Form of Time Killer that Would Give her Simple little life a run for its money. It happened that a Woolly Lamb, like the Kind that Mother used to Shear, was doing the Koochy Koochy on the Park Slope, and Mamie went out and put Enough Salt on his Tail to make him

long for Friendly Doings With Her. So after that He followed her Around like a College Graduate At a Football Bee.

Moral.

You can Search Me.



By James Gordon Bennett.

As announced exclusively in the *Herald* this morning, Mary had a little lamb. Our Paris correspondent reports (by special cable to the *Herald*) that his fleece was as white as snow. We have learned from other sources controlled by the *Herald*, that the lamb was sure to go wherever Mary went.

President Roosevelt said to a *Herald* reporter: The exclusive news in the *Herald* about Mary's little lamb fortunately comes at a time when our foreign relations were never in better condition. The *Herald* is a great paper.

Dr. Parkhurst: I read the news about Mary in this morning's *Herald* (exclusively), with the tears streaming down my cheeks, and my heart beating fast. I have not yet seen my representative in the Tenderloin, but am hoping for the best. The *Herald* deserves the thanks of everybody.

Special from London: King Edward said this morning: The news about Mary, which I was informed appeared exclusively in the *New York Herald*, affected me profoundly. I can only hope that the ties that unite the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race in a common brotherhood may still be kept sacred and inviolate.

When informed of the *Herald's* great feat, Pierpont Morgan said: "I warned every one some time ago that the thing might happen. And now that the *Herald* alone has given the news to the world, nothing more need be said."

When asked if he would like to say anything about the lamb's fleece being as white as snow, he buried his face in his hands for a moment, and then replied: "No, I have nothing further to add."

—Life.

"She told me she was unmarried, and now I find that she is a divorcee."

"Well, isn't a divorcee unmarried?"

"Did he ever figure in the divorce court?"

"No; his lawyers did all that for him. He simply paid the bills."

Wigwag—Why do you insist upon carrying your shirt home from the laundry instead of having it sent? Hard-up—So that folks will know that I have two.

Political Advertising.

Our Leading Statesmen Operating a "Sunshine" Furnace.

An Unusually Interesting Series of Ads. to be inserted in the "Saturday Night."

With this issue of the SATURDAY NIGHT the McClary Manufacturing Co. of London, Ont., commences what promises to be one of the most interesting series of newspaper advertisements ever run in Canadian papers.

The series consists of a dozen ads. showing twelve of Canada's leading statesmen attending the well-known McClary "Sunshine" furnace. The sketches were drawn by a cartoonist who is well up in character sketching and the illustrations are true representations of the different politicians. These ads will not only be interesting, but should prove educative, as they will give the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT an opportunity to become familiar with the men who are guiding the affairs of Canada. The text in the advertisement is very brief and quite in keeping with the cartoon style of the drawings. Only a phrase is used and they are all interesting, as each one is particularly applicable to the politician to whom it refers. For instance, the phrase in the ad. in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier is used, refers to the Prime Minister's sunny ways, for which he is noted on two continents. The advertisement in which the Hon. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition at Ottawa, is used, refers to the Sunshine furnace as being conducive to genial manners and tidiness in the house, characteristics for which Mr. Borden is so well known. The rest of the series is along similar lines and will, doubtless, prove interesting and educative as well as making one of Canada's most successful furnaces even better known than it has been in the past.

The McClary Manufacturing Co., to whose enterprise is due this interesting publicity, are one of Canada's oldest makers of stoves, ranges, furnaces, enamel and tinware of all kinds. Their business was established nearly sixty years ago and their works have grown from a small shop with three employees to an immense plant with foundries in London and Hamilton, tinware factories in London and Montreal, branch warehouses in seven large Canadian cities, and over eleven hundred employees. Their "Sunshine" furnace has proved a wonderful success and has already made itself a popular heater from Halifax to Vancouver.

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

TRAVEL in LUXURY.

A Beautiful Souvenir.

Before Planning Your Tour in England, procure and carefully read the charming new work,

"HISTORIC SITES & SCENES OF ENGLAND,"

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY (OF ENGLAND).

Original, concise, reliable and useful. Over 120 choice and original illustrations. Exclusive information, routes, maps, etc., of great interest to all classes of Travellers.

Can be seen at the principal Libraries and Hotels, and obtained at a cost of 50c. at the various Bookstalls.

Also at:

International Sleeping Car Co.'s Office, 281 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Messrs. Cook and Son's Office, 261 and 262 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Frank C. Clark's Office, 113 Broadway, New York.

THE WABASH SYSTEM

20 Big Conventions to be held in Colorado and California—20 During this Summer.

Round trip tickets will be sold from May 1st to September 28th, good to return ninety days from date of sale. Rates will be about single first class fare for the round trip. Good going and returning via all direct routes, with stop-over privileges. This will be a grand opportunity to visit the Pacific Coast at a very low rate, and take in the Great (LEWIS & CLARK) Exposition, to be held in Portland, Oregon, June 1st to October 15th. The Wabash is the short and true route to Pacific Coast Points. For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

—WHY—

Canada's Famous Train

THE "Maritime Express"

Leaving Montreal 12.00 o'clock noon daily, except Saturday

Does the Business between Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax and the Sydneys

with connection for Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland

Because its Dining and Sleeping-car service is unequalled

That is why

Write for time-tables, fares, etc., to Toronto Ticket Office 51 King Street E.

THE FAST TRAINS

ARE VIA THE

UNION PACIFIC

VIA OMAHA

16 Hours Quicker

to the Pacific Coast than any other line

NO CHANGE OF TRAINS. NO DETOURS

"The Overland Route" all the way

Be sure your Ticket reads over the UNION PACIFIC

INQUIRE AT

J. O. GOODELL, T.P.A., & F. B. CHAPPEL, G.A.,

14 James Building, 26 Woodward Ave.

TORONTO, CANADA. DETROIT, MICH.

R&O May Excursions

Hamilton-Montreal Line

Toronto-Montreal Line

Commencing June 1 Steamers leave Toronto 3 p.m. daily, except Sundays, from July 1, daily, to Montreal, 1000 Islands, Saguenay River, Saguenay, Quebec, Saguenay River.

Saturday-to-Monday Outings.

Commencing Saturday, June 3, thereafter every Saturday, to Rochester and 1000 Islands.

Very low rates this season every Saturday to Prescott, returning Monday morning.

Ticket office 2 King St. East, or write for further information to H. Foster Chaffier, Western Passenger Agt., Toronto.

For the Spring Days you need to exercise great care in selection of UNDERWEAR.

We have reliable goods in all-wool and Cellulose "Aerie" \$1.00 garment.

SOLE AGENT FOR

Jaeger UNDERWEAR

PURE WOOL

CENTRAL CANADIAN DEPOT

85 KING ST. W. TORONTO.

WREYFORD & CO.

FISH MEALS

are served again at Mrs. Meyer's Parlors, Sunnyside, every day, including Sunday. More and better accommodation than ever.

Watch for our new harbor.

P. V. MEYER, Prop.

Phone Park 908.

To San Francisco, Cal., \$74.00 From Toronto Going May 8th to 13th. Returning within 90 days.

C. E. Horning, City Ticket Agent, North West Corner King and Yonge Streets. (Phone Main 400.)

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Preston Springs, Ont.

The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props.

Late of the P. Hotel Toronto.

"The Book Shop."

PICTURES FOR GIFTS

What could be more appropriate for a Wedding Gift than a beautiful Picture? Our Art Room is a scene of beauty in itself, and lovers of art could not spend an hour more pleasantly. Then our prices are not the least attractive feature of this magnificent showing—some of the choicest works ever displayed in Toronto.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.

7 and 9 King Street East.



MUSIC

Dr. TORRINGTON and his Festival Chorus gave their second production of oratorio this season on Thursday evening last at Massey Hall, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was sung. The work is one well worthy to alternate with Handel's *Messiah*, in fact many people prefer it to the older masterpiece. Mendelssohn bestowed an infinity of pains on the composition of *Elijah*. He amended the score several times, and made many alterations, merely to make the musical expression more appropriate to the words. His conscientious regard for details resulted in a work that has not been surpassed for symmetry, harmonious development, and beauty of detail. It is true that the oratorio is dramatic in style, but the incidents he had to illustrate are intensely dramatic, even if found in the pages of religious history. In the prime essential features Dr. Torrington's production was a broad, striking interpretation that impressed upon the hearer the spirit of the music. His orchestra was perhaps too weak for so large a chorus, which numbered more than three hundred voices, but every one in *courant* with the state of musical affairs in Toronto knows that it is almost impossible to organize a strong orchestra in this city for oratorio purposes. The chorus sang throughout with a good quality of tone both in the mass and in the separate sections, and they gave evidence of being familiar with their music, taking their attacks and finishing their numbers with confidence. In years gone by I fancy I have heard Dr. Torrington's chorus sing the work with more declamatory spirit, more fire and energy in the great choruses, but one's memory is often treacherous in these matters. The vocal choruses were graphically rendered and there was majesty of tone in the *Be Not Afraid*, dramatic descriptiveness in the *tempest* and fire number, and stirring power in the responses for the Queen and chorus in the scene in which *Elijah* is denounced. The soloists were Miss Eileen Millett, soprano; Mrs. Grace Carter Merry, contralto; Mr. E. C. Towne of Chicago, tenor, and Dr. Merrill Hopkinson of Baltimore, baritone. Miss Millett's rendering of the great and exacting aria, *Hear Ye, Israel*, was worthy of special praise. It was sung with conspicuous beauty of voice, with finished phrasing, and intelligent expressiveness. Miss Millett's voice seems to have broadened to the advantage of her interpretation of such music as that under notice. Mrs. Merry sang with unstrained feeling the purely sacred aria, *O Rest in the Lord*, in which she won another verdict of favor for her warm, mellow tones, and her sincerity of reading. Dr. Hopkinson, in the music assigned to *Elijah*, made a very favorable impression. There was pathos in his *It is Enough*, and spirit and energy in his *Is Not His Word Like a Fire?* a number which irresistibly suggests the Handelian robust aria. Mr. E. C. Towne sang his numbers with almost operatic fervor in declamation and oratorical delivery. His *If With All Your Hearts* was not wanting in fine touches of expression, although one would have preferred a less theatrical style and more smoothness and dignity of enunciation. In the trio of angels, *Life Thine Eyes*, Mrs. G. H. Forbes joined Miss Millett and Mrs. Merry, the combination making a sweet and effective ensemble. Dr. Torrington conducted in a manner that demonstrated his familiarity with the score and his instinct for the salient effects. Mrs. Blight at the organ rendered valuable assistance to the orchestra and chorus.

Dr. Torrington seems to be indefatigable in his missionary work in the cause of oratorio. Before the echoes of the *Elijah* concert had died away, he announced that he was ready at once to reorganize his chorus for the production of Gounod's *Redemption* and Handel's *Messiah* for next season.

Mr. Ingham has concluded his series of organ recitals at the Church of the Redeemer. He has given an excellent selection of music, covering a wide range of organ literature, and also many representative transcriptions of standard orchestral works.

One cannot but regret the loss of Mr. Harold D. Phillips, organist of St. Paul's Church, Bloor street. Mr. Phillips, who is a most accomplished organist, has deserted Toronto for Boston, where he believes he will find a wider field for the exercise of his musical activity.

The choir of Carlton Street Methodist Church gave a sacred concert in the church on Tuesday evening. The programme, which was an excellent one, was contributed entirely by the choir and its own members, including the following well-known people: Mrs. W. J. Street, soprano; Miss Grace MacKenzie, mezzo; Miss Dorothy Fowler, contralto; Mr. George Dixon, tenor; the Sherlock Male Quartette; the male chorus of the choir, twenty-two voices; the women's

siding. Miss Chelew is an accomplished musician and has few equals as an accompanist.—Collingwood Enterprise-Messenger.

Dale's English Opera Singers gave three enjoyable concerts at Massey Hall on Friday and Saturday last. The five artists gave a very excellent selection of English quartettes, duets and solos, among them being popular numbers by Sullivan, German, Caryl, Rubens, Moncton, Watson and Adams. Miss Edith Serpell, the soprano, won great favor as a soloist by her pretty voice and neat singing.

Miss Hope Wigmore, a talented pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, gave an attractive piano recital on Saturday afternoon at the Nordheimer rooms. She proved to be an accomplished executant, and the mistress of a good musical tone. Her readings revealed intelligent grasp of her music, and grace of style. Her numbers were: *Monte Lucule*, Moszkowski; *Etude*, Mignon, Schmitt; *Minute* in eighteenth century style, Lack; *Prelude*, Chopin; *Etude*, Raff; *Boat Song*, Stojowski; *Tarantelle*, Paul Wachs; *Contentment and Dreaming*, from *Scenes of Childhood*, Schumann; *Evening Star*, Wagner-Liszt; *Polonaise*, Moszkowski. The assisting artist was Miss Annie M. Tough, a mezzo-soprano with a most pleasing voice.

Mr. A. S. Vogt is busy reorganizing the Mendelssohn Choir chorus for next season. Applications for membership should be made to the chairman of the chorus committee, Mr. B. Morton Jones, 24 King street west, as early as possible, as there will be a large demand for places in the choir. Mr. Jones will supply the particulars of the test for admission.

The well-known baritone, Mr. Sebastian H. Burnett, gave a most successful recital at the Hamilton Conservatory of Music on Tuesday, April 18. He gave a splendid programme, which displayed his fine voice and finished style to advantage, and was most enthusiastically received. He had the assistance of the Conservatory String Quartette in a classical selection.

Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, who has been studying under Mr. Oscar Saenger of New York for the past year, has been visiting her parents in Toronto for a few days previous to her departure for Europe. Miss Shepherd sails for the Old Country this week. While abroad she will continue the study of the voice under the famous tenor, Jean de Reszke.

Although unable to arrange terms with the municipality of Vienna for the sale of the house in which Schubert first saw the light, the owner has announced his intention of preserving the dwelling intact.

One of the operatic novelties promised by Mr. Conried during the past New York season, but not given, was Smetana's *Bartered Bride*. The London *Telegraph* now announces that Carl Rosa is to produce an English version of this vivacious Bohemian work, the sparkling overture to which is so often heard in concert rooms. When the work was mounted for the first time in England by the Saxe-Coburg Ducal Company during its German opera season at Drury Lane in 1896, some little difficulty was experienced regarding the English translation of its title. Ultimately *The Bartered Bride* was adopted, which title, however, brought disaster to a contemporary, who referred to the heroine as the "battered bride." The opera was Smetana's second attempt in dramatic music, and was the outcome of determination, with Karel Bend and other patriotic musicians, to found a school of national Czechish, as opposed to German-Bohemian, opera, and although the music shows the influence of Mozart and Weber, it is permeated by the spirit of Bohemian folk-song. Its success with the people of Prague was immediate, and it still remains one of the most popular operas in Bohemia. It was not, however, until early in the nineties, thirty years after its first production, that *Die Verkaufte Braut* was heard outside its native land, but now few works are better known in Germany. It has yet to be heard in Canada.

Josef Hofmann, as previously announced, offers prizes of \$500, \$300, and \$200 for three pianoforte pieces written by American composers. They are to appear in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and, he remarks, "should there be among the compositions receiving the prize awards any that are suitable for concert use, I shall be glad to add them to my repertoire." I presume Canadians are included in the term "American."

The music piracy business in England is in a fair way of being settled at last. Summing up the situation, a correspondent of the *Musical Courier* says: "If, as Mr. Caldwell seems to assume, every song were a gigantic success, publishers would soon be millionaires, with houses in Park Lane and motor-cars. But, in point of fact, every song is not a success, and the losses on the failures have to be made good out of the profits on the successes. As Sir C. V. Stanford pointed out, in an answer to the article, it is generally the bad songs that pay for the good, and if publishers were obliged to issue songs at only a little above cost price, they would never be able to publish anything but the sort of trash that catches the public's fancy. Simrock, to quote from the same source, said that Boettch's songs paid the expenses of those of Brahms, and if a small fortune had not been made out of the former, the music of the latter would never have seen the light of day."

Nora Kathleen Jackson has been appointed Canadian musical correspondent for *Towle's Magazine*, published in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, by M. Towle Davis, and devoted to the interests of music, art, literature, and the drama. Miss Jackson will also attend to all the business of the magazine (subscriptions, advertising, press notices, etc.), at her studios, Castle Frank road, Rosedale, and Nordheimer's.

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All knowledge is the result of experience. From the earliest day of our lives until our earthly career is closed we are constantly, unceasingly experimenting, for it is only in this way we reach the ultimate good in anything. He who enjoys good music, good painting, good literature, has attained his capacity for enjoyment by experiment, while even our gastronomic likes and dislikes are the result of experience. The man of musical taste selects his piano by experiment; he hears all the standard makes and finally chooses an instrument that has the best tone, the most even touch, and the most durable construction. He swears by this instrument until by chance he hears a better one, then he changes his mind and lays plans to possess an instrument like the one he has just heard. This has been the experience of the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming in placing the Gourlay piano on the market. Again and again musicians of standing have exchanged other standard instruments for a Gourlay, being attracted by its unique tone quality and its perfect balance. In illustration of this tendency among buyers to make the Gourlay their ultimate selection, the following letter will be of special interest. The name of the piano affected is suppressed, but the firm will be pleased to furnish it upon application to their office. The letter, which is from London, Ont., follows:

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"Yours truly," "THOS. AGAR."

"P.S.—I have boxed and shipped the ———, together with stool, per G.T.R. to-day."

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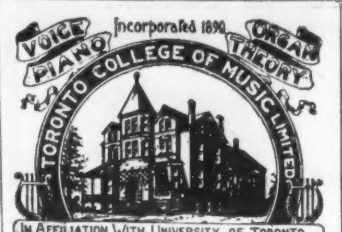
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Behind the Scenes of a Big Loan.

THE enormous success that attended the issue of the recent Japanese loan of £30,000,000 directs attention to a very fascinating subject. Of that loan half was offered in London and half in the United States, and so favorable was its reception in London that people fought with each other in order to be first to enter the banks, which had announced that at four o'clock on a certain day they would give out prospectuses with forms of application.

It is not every great loan that is so eagerly run after, and whether the public realize it or not, great skill and knowledge of the money market are requisite to ensure the success of an issue of many millions of capital. Before the public generally know anything about the matter those responsible for the issue are anxiously engaged in arranging the price at which the loan is to be offered. This is a matter of serious importance, for, if the issue price is too low the borrowing country pays too much for its money, whereas if it is too high the loan may be a failure, and the country's credit consequently injured.

In the case of the recent Japanese loan the price was fixed at 90, which means that for every £100 for which Japan became liable, the investors subscribing for the bonds only paid £90. In other words, while Japan becomes liable for a debt of £30,000,000, she will not receive so much as £27,000,000, since a considerable amount has to be paid in commissions to the financial houses concerned in helping to float the loan, and "underwriting" involves considerable expense on these occasions.

Underwriting is a form of insurance in financial matters, and a brief explanation of how it works may be interesting. In order that the money required may be forthcoming, even if the public do not subscribe it, those engaged in issuing a loan make arrangements with financial houses and others under which the latter, for a commission of so much per cent, agree to take up certain amounts of the loan if the public do not apply for it all. If the loan is all taken up, the underwriters pocket the commission; if not, they must accept their share of the loan and keep the bonds until a favorable opportunity of selling them arises. The commission paid to the underwriters of the Japanese loan was 2 per cent, and as the public applied for the whole of the loan, those who underwrote large amounts secured handsome profits.

It happens from time to time, as in the case of the Japanese issue, that a new loan is quoted on the Stock Exchange at a premium before it comes out, and, naturally, everybody is anxious to obtain an allotment because an immediate profit is obtainable. People who under these circumstances apply for stock in order to sell again at once to secure this profit are known to the Stock Exchange as "staggers," and their operations as "stagging." Those who are issuing loans would prefer to give allotments to investors who mean to hold their stocks, because the price of the security then remains steady; but where many thousands of applications come in, and the allotments must be sent out quickly, it is impossible for the financiers engaged in allotting to attempt to separate out the "staggers" from the bona-fide applicants.

About two years ago, when the Transvaal loan was issued, the Bank of England was severely criticized for having, with the object of defeating the "staggers," decided that no application for less than £2,000 would be entertained. On that occasion £30,000,000 was offered for subscription, and applications amounting to no less than £1,740,000,000 were received from 115,400 applicants. The Governor of the Bank subsequently stated that there were 49,000 applications of £100 and, in his opinion, not more than one in fifty of these were from genuine investors. The remainder, he let it be inferred, were from "staggers," and he declared that the Bank had blocks of applications bearing either the same name or the same address, and covered by the same cheque.

It was known at the time in connection with that loan that "staggers" had sent in fifty of these were from genuine investors. The remainder, he let it be inferred, were from "staggers," and he declared that the Bank had blocks of applications bearing either the same name or the same address, and covered by the same cheque.

The argument put forward by the critics of the Bank of England's action was that there were big "staggers" as well as small, and that many of the applicants for large amounts who received allotments merely intended to use them for "stagging" purposes.

In ordinary cases the allotment of a great loan that is over-subscribed is arranged on scientific lines. The thousands of applications received are opened and tabulated, and then the financiers conducting the allotment decide on the proportion that is to be given to various classes of applicants. They may, for example, resolve that applicants for £500 shall receive £100; those asking for £1,000, £200; and applicants for larger

amounts certain percentages of the total they are seeking to obtain. A well-known banker with great experience in issuing loans laughed at the idea of minutely examining each application in order to eliminate the "stag" element.

"We should like to get rid of the 'staggers,'" said he, "for they are a nuisance, but we must find some better means of doing it than that."

It is a curious fact that some of the most inveterate "staggers" are old ladies whom one would never suspect of being acquainted with the ins and outs of the Stock Exchange. So keen, indeed, are these ancient speculators that they will even participate in the crush that is witnessed at the doors of the issuing bank when some particularly tempting prospectus is to be given out.

Stories from a Diary.

SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF'S two new volumes of "Diary" contain many delightful stories amusing and interesting, and among the interesting ones is a fragment of conversation wherein Lord Pembroke quotes Disraeli as having once said, "I like to be in the country when the primroses are out." This is a fresher quotation than Browning's well-worn lines:

"O to be in England
Now that April's here!"

Sir Mountstuart Duff tells some good stories of Browning. This is one of them. A lady, well known in London and still living, was taken down to dinner by a gentleman who was a stranger to her. Presently he asked if she knew who he was. "No," she replied, "I did not catch your name when we were introduced." "Oh," said her companion, "I am Mr. Browning, the poet, some of whose works I dare say you have read."

"Yes," replied the other, "you wrote *The Jackdaw of Rheims*, did you not?" "Shall I meet you at Bridgewater House to-morrow?" was the mild question put to an American lady. "No," was the reply, "I regret to say that I do not know Mrs. Bridgewater." Some one suggesting that a certain American young lady should marry a duke, the question arose, what dukes were available, Mr. Lyulph Stanley asking, "When an American is desirous of sacrificing a daughter, is there always an English duke caught in a thicket?" The first qualification of a Minister is "the power of sleeping on the Treasury Bench." A good parliamentary whip is a man who can "say like a gentleman what no gentleman would say." A discussion took place as to what are the two finest lines in the language. Dean Boyle said that it would be hard to beat two by Wordsworth:

"The light that never was, on sea or land;

The consecration and the poet's dream." Mr. Gladstone thought another line of Wordsworth the finest, or one of the finest, "Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn." Tennyson thought his best line to be, "Coldly on the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day." A capable critic has said that Jean Ingelow's lines, "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath than thy sonnet wife Elizabeth," are unmatched. Milton's line, "The trumpet spake not to the armed throng," is a line which has lived longer than any of those I have quoted, and probably will survive them all. School-boys of another generation well remember reading Macaulay's magnificent passage upon Milton:

"A mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy and blindness, meditated undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around him, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

When Carlyle died, in 1881, the editor of a great newspaper exclaimed as soon as he heard the news, "Thank God, he has died in time for the outer sheet!" Many of the best stories in Sir Mountstuart Duff's volumes must be credited to Mr. Frederick Leveson Gower, who is about to publish his reminiscences. One of Mr. Leveson Gower's stories is of a man who, valuing himself much upon his cellar, said to a friend: "Well, how do you like my '34 port?' and received the flattering reply: "I think it quite as good as what I pay 36 for." African Cressus to a friend: "This house is a great deal too large to be merely a number in the street; it ought to have a name of its own. What shall I call it?" "Well," replied the other, after a pause, "why shouldn't you call it Dunrobin?" African Cressus: "Yes, that's a very good name, but after all I don't think it will do. I am not going out of business yet." A German in despair at the difficulties of English pronunciation said that he wrote *caoutchouc* and read it *guita-percha*. This is much the same as the foreigner who gave up the study of our language on being told that the Mikado was "pronounced a decided success." A stranger was at a seaside inn and a man came and asked for a glass of "mother-in-law." The barmaid handed one to him, which he drank. When he had gone the stranger turned to her and said, "What is mother-in-law?" "Stout and bitter," was the

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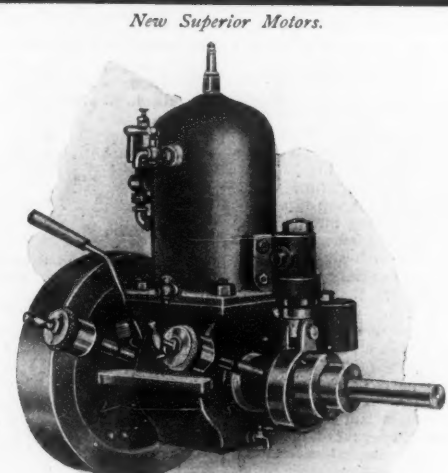
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reply. While speaking of local names for things at a certain town in Suffolk, Sir Mountstuart Duff tells us that the country people always address each other as "Bore"—Bore, good morning. "Is that you, Bore?" Sir Mountstuart supposes that this mode of address is a contraction of the word "neighbor." In this connection there is, in M. D'Humières' book just issued, *Through Isle and Empire*, an amusing chapter upon "comparative manners" in China, where one should ask another, "How are your illustrious consort and your flourishing offspring?" the other is bound to answer in such words as "the matress and her verminous litter are, I thank you, in the enjoyment of a regrettable good health."

Lord Wolseley once remarked to the late Queen that some people now doubt whether Shakespeare had written his own plays. "Oh, don't talk to me about that," she replied, "that was Lord Palmerston's nonsense." Here one may interject a valuable fragment of conversation which Sir Mountstuart preserves. Sir Theodore Martin pressed the argument that, as the great poet was surrounded by intensely jealous rivals, it was inconceivable that not one of his contemporaries should ever have hinted a suspicion of his not having written the plays which we accept as his. A Scotch medical professor, who was very fond of using his blackboard for announcements of all kinds, chalked upon it an intimation to his class that he had just been made Physician to the Queen. Some one, before the notice was erased, added the words, "Go save the Queen!" An Englishman, stopping at a well-known junction in Scotland, called out to his companion on the platform, "Isn't this invigorating?" "Na," said a railway porter who was passing, "it's Inverarnsay." The eighth Lord Shaftesbury, vainly attempting to cut a pencil in which the lead continually broke, exclaimed, "D— the pencil!" but perceiving that one of his sons was present, saved the situation by adding, "That is what your poor grandfather (the good seventh earl) would have said." A lady told Lord Palmerston that her maid, who had been with her in the Isle of Wight, objected to going thither again because the climate was not embracing enough. "What am I to do with such a woman?" she asked. "You had better take her to the Isle of Man next time," said Lord Palmerston.—Arthur Pendenys in the London Critic.



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Psychologists say that restlessness is an indication of irksome surroundings. How many people who are restless at home know why?

The explanation is found in the home surroundings.

Homes may be richly furnished, but richness does not bring peace and restfulness to the senses. Harmony—that is the secret. To have home a place where surroundings do not jar and tire one—unconsciously, perhaps—the wall coverings, draperies and furnishings must harmonize in color-pattern and period. The actual meaning of all these terms in practice is an art all by itself, and only an experienced craftsman can originate and correctly assemble the component parts of an artistic interior.

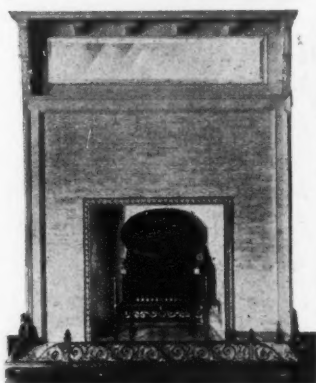
Toronto needs more artistic homes. The number is increasing, but there are thousands yet in crying need of the artist's touch.

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May 20th—June 3rd.

The KING'S PLATE will be run on Saturday, May 20th, at 4:30 p.m.

A Military Band will play daily on the lawn.

WM. HENDRIE, W. P. FRASER,
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God Save the King.

Clarence Eddy of New York

WILL GIVE THE INAUGURAL

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ON THE NEW MEMORIAL ORGAN IN

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Bloor street, on Tuesday Evening, May 16.

ASSISTING ARTISTS—Mr. Frank Bern-
more, Tenor; Dr. Bedford Richardson,
Basso. Tickets 50c.

"Jabez," growled old man Hardyst, "what in tarnation are you carryin' that thermometer outdoors an' back so often fer?" "Just want to see the difference in the temperature, pa," explained Jabez. "Well, you let it alone. Keep the mercury runnin' up an' down in that tube an' first thing we know the thermometer 'll be wore out, an' there'll be twenty-five cents throwed away."



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The kind that are superior to any procurable elsewhere, that remove that tired look, those tell-tale lines, give a bewitching youthfulness and dainty color and a satisfaction which will enable you to appear at your best.

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He who expects nothing more often gets it than not.

"This here Beef Trust," vociferated the violent citizen, "is just exactly like a highway robbery, ain't it, now?" "I can't say that it is," responded Mr. Housekeeper, mildly; "a highway robber doesn't continue to hold up the same people day after day."

The morning editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out." And the office-boy, gathering them all into a large waste-basket, did so.

Society at the Capital.

His Excellency the Governor-General, Lady Grey and party, expect to go to Montreal for the Horse Show on Wednesday. During their stay there they will occupy Lord Strathcona's residence. Lady Sybil Grey will not return to Ottawa, but will sail for England on the 14th, as she intends to spend the London season with her sister, Lady Victoria Grenfell. Quebec will be the next city to be honored by a visit from viceregalty, as directly after the State Ball on the 18th a trip to the Ancient Capital is contemplated by His Excellency and party. Lord and Lady Castle-reagh spent a day at Government House before sailing for England, and it is gratifying to know they will carry home with them most glowing accounts of Canada. Another English guest who has been enjoying the hospitality of Government House for the last fortnight is Mr. John Lambton, and he expects to accompany the viceregal party on their visit to Montreal.

Social gatherings have for various causes been, comparatively speaking, few and far between of late—possibly for the reason that a great many hostesses are at present involved in the mysteries of "house-cleaning," while several are busy preparing for the two coming amateur performances which will take place this week, and yet more are intent on preparations for one or other of the numerous weddings which will come off in the near future. On Monday evening a dinner party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber for a few young people who included: Miss Crombie, Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Mr. Gladwyn McDougall, Mr. Pugsley, Mr. Appleton, and Mr. John Thompson. Mrs. Newell Bate gave a cosy little tea on Monday for a few of her daughter, Miss Eleanor Bate's, friends, who were invited to say farewell to Miss Rose Fleck, who returned the following day to Branksome Hall, Toronto. Sir Louis and Lady Davies entertained at a most enjoyable dinner on Wednesday, the guests including several worthy M.P.'s and their wives from Prince Edward Island, namely: Mr. and Mrs. MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Morson, Mr. Duncan McLeod, and others present were: Judge and Mrs. Sedgwick, Judge and Mrs. Burbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, Miss Marjorie Blair, and Mr. John Thompson. Another of Wednesday's functions was a dinner at Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier's, when the following guests were honored with invitations: Mr. and Mrs. Forset, Hon. R. and Madame Prefontaine, Senator Casgrain, Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Charlemagne Laurier. Miss Melvin-Jones arrived from Toronto on Thursday to spend a short time with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and will remain until after the State Ball, for which event numerous visitors from other cities and towns are expected in the Capital. Lady Laurier, Miss Melvin-Jones and Miss Coutu went on Saturday to spend a few days in Arthabaskville for the purpose of attending a concert in that town.

Miss Winifred Vaux of Toronto, who has been spending a few weeks with Miss Edith Sparks, was the guest in whose honor Mrs. Clifford Sifton invited a large number of the younger members of society to meet at the tea-hour on Thursday, and a merry throng assembled at Mrs. Sifton's handsome residence in Metcalfe street. The hostess looked particularly well in an exquisitely dainty gown of soft white silk, covered with a design in violets, and Miss Vaux, who received with her, wore a becoming costume of pale blue canvas over silk, with Dresden girdle, and large white hat trimmed with pink roses. Miss Vaux expects to leave for Halifax on Wednesday, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. MacKinnon.

The presentation of *Caste* at the Russell Theatre to-night by Miss Lucille Watson (Mrs. Rockliffe Fellowes) and a company of Ottawa amateurs, promises to be a great society, as well as dramatic, event, and several box parties and suppers have been arranged in connection with the performance. The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman will entertain a box party and others will be chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harris, and Mr. and Mrs. Gormully. The Misses Gibbs will entertain at a large supper after the play. Another amateur performance, which is creating a great deal of interest in the Capital just now, is one which will be given under the auspices of the "Elks" on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the Russell Theatre, and which will include in its repertoire a most graceful and picturesque representation of the "Royal Minuet." Those taking part in the latter are Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Hope Wurtele, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Fielding, Miss Pauline Lemoine, Miss Crombie, Captain Newton, Lord Bury, Mr. Ashworth Fellowes, Mr. Ormond Haycock and Mr. Allan Keefer. Mrs. Lyons Biggar, who has been so energetic in looking after and arranging this part of the programme, deserves great credit. A rehearsal at the request of Lady Grey came off at Rideau Hall on Friday, and great praise was given the graceful performers. The costumes, which will come from New York expressly for the occasion, are said to be exceedingly picturesque and becoming, one or two having come in advance of the whole order, and a dress rehearsal will be held at Government House to-day, at the desire of Lady Grey.

Miss Lemoine, Miss Claudia Bate, Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. Harold Pinkney, Mrs. Lesueur, Mrs. Holbrooke, Mrs. George H. Perley, Mrs. Mackarell and Miss Wright. Major Paske, the Comptroller of the Household at Rideau Hall, has decided to return to England, and expects to leave Canada about the beginning of July. Major Paske, during his short stay in this country, has already made a host of friends, who will greatly regret hearing of his decision.

Lady Borden has sent out invitations for a tea at Stadacona Hall for this afternoon, when the many *invités* will have the pleasure of meeting Dr. Grenfell of the Labrador Mission, who will give a talk on his great work.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, May 8, 1905.

Modern Dress-Making Parlors

These popular parlors of the T. Eaton Co., Limited, have lately been placed under the supervision of one of the most talented modistes in the country, a lady whose artistic qualifications have been recognized in some of the most fashionable cities in the United States. They have been delighting its patrons this spring with creations that have all the style and finish of Parisian-made gowns. Styles are interpreted and executed in that brilliant manner peculiar to London and Paris. Through its handsomely appointed apartments there seems to pervade an atmosphere of those famous style centers, for through the firm's foreign buying offices they are kept in closest touch with the slightest change in fashion's kingdom. A feature in the reorganization of these parlors effected by this lady is the regularity with which they are conducted. Appointments can be made at any time, fittings can be depended upon with certainty to be ready at the stated time, and customers are never disappointed in delivery. The modern up-to-date methods of conducting these parlors cannot fail to be greatly appreciated by their patrons.

A Futile Argument.

PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL of Harvard has a strong feeling against the harsh and overbearing cross-examinations that are sometimes permitted in law courts, and it delights him to see a witness turn the tables on a cross-examining lawyer—indeed it always delights him to see a lawyer get a setback. Laughing a little, Professor Wendell told one day how he had attended a session of court where an aged man had been placed in the witness box. The examination of this man was finished quickly. Then, in this way the cross-examination began:

"You know John Thompson, do you?"

"Yes, sir. I've known him thirty years."

"Never mind how long you've known him. We don't care anything about that here. Just answer my questions without any additions of your own. That will keep you quite busy enough, I think."

"Very well, sir."

"Very well. Now, witness, do you remember the afternoon of March 4?"

"March 4 last?"

"March 4 last! If I had meant March 4, 1807, or March 4, 69 B.C., I'd have said so. March 4 last, of course. Do you remember that date?"

"I think I do, sir."

"You think you do? Don't you know you do?"

"Yes, sir. I've known him thirty years."

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We have also secured the sole agency for the new "APOLLO" believed by experts to be the most perfect self-player yet produced, having fourteen distinctly superior points, features of the Apollo system, the devices being of the utmost simplicity and UNDERSTANDABLE by anyone; even children find it easy to play and understand. It will be to your advantage to see and hear the Apollo.

We rent Pianos by the week or month and if desired rent applied on any future purchases that may be made. Call for particulars or write us.

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On Friday Afternoon
At the Show-Rooms, No. 25
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AT 2:30

The above sale offers an unusual opportunity of purchasing an up-to-date Automobile.

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CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO., AUCTIONEERS

"Yes, I know I do."
"On that afternoon did you call on John Thompson?"
"Yes, sir."
"What did he say?"
"I object. I object. Your Honor, I—"

The opposing lawyer had arisen. In a frenzy of rage and indignation he was objecting. The other lawyer sneered at him.

"You object?" he said. "Why, your Honor, it is perfectly clear and plain—and I know your Honor will bear me out in this—"

and so forth. Now, for an hour, the lawyers argued. They quoted from a dozen lawbooks. They stormed and raged. According to the one, it had for two hundred years been the custom to allow witnesses to answer questions similar to "What did he say?" and, according to the other, such questions had from the beginning of legal history been ruled out as irrelevant and incompetent.

Finally the judge decided in favor of the cross-examining lawyer. He, flushed and triumphant, then took up the witness again.

"Now, witness," he began, "when on the afternoon of March 4 last, you called to see John Thompson, what did he say?"

The witness, with a little smile, replied: "He was not at home."

Tactless Indeed.

Miss Helen Miller Gould was addressing a class of young ladies on the subject of tact. "What," said Miss Gould, "is more unpleasant, more annoying, than tactlessness? Let me tell you about a supremely tactless man. This man went with his wife to a dinner party. He took down to dinner a very charming woman, but the first course had hardly begun when, to his wife's dismay, he jumped up from his seat beside the lady, and making a circuit of the table, took a vacant chair beside a young matron. After the dinner, as the man's wife entered her carriage to drive home, she said impatiently:

"I have been dying all the evening to ask you why, after taking her down to dinner, you deserted Mrs. A. for Mrs. B."

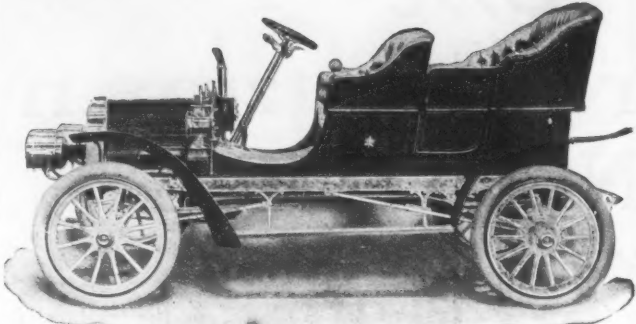
"Why," said the husband, "with my back to that fire I'd have caught my death!"

"Well," said the wife, "I hope you told Mrs. A. that."

"No," said the husband, "I didn't. I told Mrs. B. though!"

There is something excruciatingly funny about the way a woman plays whist unless you are her partner.

"Russell" "Ivanhoe"



Why is it that these new Canadian motor-cars are proving unusually satisfactory? Well, it is because they were specially built to meet the requirements of Canadian roads and climate. Canada is a very beautiful country—in spots. The spots are large, but there are places here and there that make it hard for the ordinary automobile. It's built to overcome the difficulties of Canadian roads. A four-passenger car of handsome lines and ample power.

The "Russell"

Twelve to fourteen horse-power, double cylinder opposed engine, situated under the bonnet in front, driving through a slide gear transmission with three speeds forward and one reverse. Bevel gear drive direct to rear axle. Ninety-inch wheel base. Wheels 30 x 3 1/2 inches. Gasoline capacity for two hundred miles. Body of handsome design, with side entrance tonneau, which is also easily detachable so as to be used for runabout purposes. Color—ultramarine blue body with light running gear.

Equipment: Two oil lamps, tail lamp, horn. Price, \$1,500.

The "Ivanhoe"

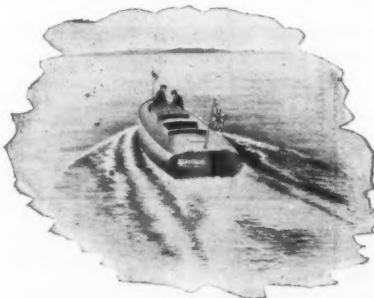
The latest electric runabout is the "Ivanhoe." It has great power, is easily operated and controlled. It is the ideal city vehicle.

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"Automobile Corner," Toronto

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Owing to the very large purchases made by our Constantinople agents, we have received a much larger quantity of Rugs than we would need for our Spring trade. In order to reduce this exceptionally large and costly stock we have marked down the prices at such low figures as will tempt almost anyone to buy a few Rugs. The following are only a few of these bargains:—

35 Large Kazaks, regular \$95.00 to \$45.00, at.....	\$ 25.00
25 Small Kazaks, regular \$18.00, at.....	12.00
20 Royal Bokharas, regular \$40.00, at.....	25.00
30 Hamadans, regular \$60.00, at.....	40.00
1 Silk Mohair Carpet, Royal blue center, size 15.8 x 11.9, valued at \$700.00, at.....	400.00
1 Antique Meshad, a very rare piece, size 12.8 x 9.1, valued at \$350.00, at.....	225.00
20 Fine Lahore Carpets, size 12 x 9, or hereabout, worth 135.00, at.....	90.00
10 Large Afghans, from \$40.00 to.....	110.00
15 Silk Prayer Rugs, worth \$75.00 to \$150.00, the choicest.....	50.00
60 Extra Fine Antique Persian Rugs, comprising Shiraz Kirmanshak, Tabriz, Iran, Serebent, etc., valued from \$45.00 to \$100.00, the pick of the lot at.....	30.00

This is an exceptional opportunity to buy High-class Genuine Oriental Rugs at such reasonable prices. We guarantee every rug genuine hand-made, and if desired, goods are sent out on approval.

Out-of-town orders will receive prompt attention.

Courian, Babayan & Co.,
40 KING STREET EAST

McFlub—I see a French scientist is advocating the wearing of wooden clothes. How do you think a wooden suit would look? Sleeth—Rather knobby.

Mrs. Brown—Yes, they're in Egypt now, and will spend the winter on the Nile. Mrs. Malaprop—How nice! They'll get a chance to see all them Pyrenes and the Phoenix, won't they?

The poet was telling how the waters came down at Lodore. "Fine!" cried the critics; "but can you describe how they freeze in the pipes?" Fearing the adjectives would not look well in print, he was obliged to forego the effort.

She—Is skin-grafting a very late discovery? He—No, it is only a new branch of a very old art; all grafting is a skin process.

The Week's Plays in New York.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

MRS. LE MOYNE'S beautiful production of *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'* was repeated at four matinee performances this week, but owing to the lateness of the season, the Metropolitan Handicap, or other counter attractions, the public did not attend in such numbers as on the first presentation, and as the play so richly deserves. Mrs. Le Moynes, with her excellent company, met at least enthusiastic, if not over large, audiences.

What a sad, sweet story this of *Mertoun and Mildred*, as it comes down the centuries again, and with what delicate charm the modern poet has unfolded the secret of their ardent young passion! How long ago, and yet what a short while, since those old mediæval days, when love was a gift of the priests and not of the gods, and when the point of honor was of more account than the desires of the human heart. *Mildred*, self-accusing and then commiserating the guilt of her pure, sweet passion in the plea, "I was young, I had no mother, and God forgot me," bares the maiden heart to all our pity.

Nothing could be more exquisite than this entire love scene in *Mildred's* chamber. Here Browning has a scene that truly "acts," and if the lines in other places, at times, are halting and difficult, in this they are limpid as a stream and speak in the murmuring cadence of a hidden night wind. To my mind—and I am aware of the heresy—even the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* does not match the tender passion or incomparable sweetness of this.

Miss Grace Elliston as *Mildred* made a beautiful stage picture from beginning to end. Her voice is low and musical, and she acted at all times with a grace and charm that must well-nigh realize the poet's own mental image. Mr. John W. Albaugh, Jr., as *Mertoun*, deserves almost equal praise. His attitude toward the lines was one of reverent appreciation, and his reading was beautifully clear and distinct. In the hushed, breathless passages of the chamber scene he showed *Mertoun* infinitely tender and full-souled, while in the dying scene he wrung all our hearts in an ecstasy of sorrow and anguish over the irreparable mistake. "Ah, *Mildred*! What will *Mildred* do?" "Die along with me, dear *Mildred*! 'tis so easy and you'll escape so much unkindness!" "Leave their honorable world to them!" For God.

We're good enough, though the world casts us out. Mrs. Le Moynes' *Gwendolen* was of a comprehending largeness, and in the serious scenes, where she comes to the rescue of her young cousin, divines her secret and the identity of her lover, her work is full of dramatic strength and impressiveness.

The production of *The Master Builder* by the Progressive Stage Society was characterized by the same earnestness and intelligence as marked their previous effort in *Beyond Human Power* (second part), but for some reason the effect was not quite as telling. For one thing, perhaps, the atmosphere of a militant branch of Socialism, while it provided an exceptional medium for the Bjornson piece, was scarcely refined enough for the more exquisite poetry and delicate symbolism of Ibsen's. This, of course, theorizes on the subjective side only, which, under ordinary conditions of producing, probably counts for little, but under conditions such as these may possibly count for much.

The Master Builder is such an excellent opportunity for great acting that one has to wonder why it is not put on by those who might give to the performance a real distinction. Apparently, actors are still a little shy of Ibsen, though already one Ibsen play, *A Doll's House*, as produced the past week, shows every symptom of popularity. But this we must speak again. J. E. W.

What a Son!

Thomas W. Lawson said the other day of a stock manipulator whose methods he purposed to expose:

"He is like the Paint Rock farmer, and I shall be like the farmer's son. Only I shall act deliberately, whereas the son was blundering. This lad, in the wheat season, drove up to the miller's and submitted a handful of wheat. The miller studied the wheat attentively, and then said to the boy:

"How much has your father got of this?" "He ain't got no more like it," the boy answered. "He's been all mornin' pickin' that out."

What He Didn't Know.

A retired Irish major sold his horses and carriage and bought a motor-car; but instead of engaging a chauffeur he determined to send his faithful old coachman to a Dublin firm of engineers for a course of lessons in small repairs.

"You will go through a two months' training," he explained to Pat, as he handed him a cheque for his expenses, "during which time you will make yourself thoroughly familiar with the engine and all its works."

"Yes, sir," was Pat's reply. "You will note every wheel and crank and learn what they are for and what they have to do, so that when you return you will be equal to any emergency."

"I will, sir," said Pat, and, having stowed the cheque away down in his trousers pocket, he took his departure. In two months' time he returned, with the conqueror's look in his eye.

"Well, Pat, have you succeeded?" "I have, sir."

"And you know everything about a motor?"

"I know all, sir, from the big lamp in front to the little number behind—except one thing," the new chauffeur added, as he nervously plucked a few hairs from his new bearskin coat.

"And what is it you don't know?" demanded the major.

"Well, I don't quite understand yet what makes the blessed thing move without horses."



An interesting event occurred at Moosomin, N.W.T., on Saturday, April 29, when Miss Harriet Dixon Rothwell, daughter of Mr. W. E. Rothwell of Toronto, became the bride of Mr. W. Frederick Alderson, formerly of the Bank of Commerce, Moosomin, but now of Winnipeg. The wedding took place very quietly in St. Alban's Church at nine o'clock in the morning. Rev. Clement Williams being the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by Dr. Arthur Tanner, wore a traveling suit of blue chiffon cloth, with hat to match. Mrs. Arthur Tanner was matron of honor and Mr. Hector Laundry groomsmen. After a dainty breakfast served at the home of Mrs. Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. Alderson left for points west, after which they will take up their residence in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Victor Charles Staunton, nee Brodie, will hold her post-nuptial reception at 75 Bismarck avenue on Monday, May 15, and Tuesday, 16th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clara Helen Strong, daughter of Mrs. S. L. Strong of Bradford, to Mr. Harvey D. Graham of Haileybury, New Ontario. The marriage will take place early in June.

Mrs. R. Whitfield Ralfe, 157 Madison avenue, announces the engagement of her sister, Miss Margaret Rousseaux Brown, youngest daughter of the late Mr. P. J. Brown, Osgoode Hall, formerly of Ingersoll, to Mr. L. Lee McGlashan, son of Mr. Leonard McGlashan of Niagara Falls, Ont. The wedding will take place the latter part of June.

Mr. J. B. Fuller, who has been ill with pneumonia for the last four weeks, has almost completely recovered.

The Misses Jean and Margaret Anderson of Spadina avenue sail on the *Victorian* to spend the summer with their uncle, Colonel Waters of Belfast.

The twelfth annual opening of the Rusholme Lawn Tennis Club will be held on the club grounds, Rusholme road, on Saturday, May 13, at 3 p.m. Members and all others interested in tennis are invited. The ladies of the club will serve refreshments at 4 p.m.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Mackay, Mr. L. P. Bouvier, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. George Macdonald, Mr. M. Wilbee, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Baine, Miss Baine, Mrs. Warren Burton, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Master Vincent Greene, Mrs. (Dr.) A. Orr Hastings, Mrs. Umphrey, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. John Gray, Port Credit; Mr. George Wurster, New York; Mr. Fred P. Woodbury, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss W. Grafton, Dundas; Mr. A. A. McDonald, Hamilton.

The spring is always a time for overhauling the house, re-decorating and making changes to beautify the home. It is then that the electric wiring contractors in Toronto are taxed to their utmost placing wires in old houses, the owners of which are far-sighted enough to install the electric light before having their papers and decorations renewed.

The management of the local electric light company are looking for an unprecedented demand for wiring and fixtures during the coming spring, and have imported large assortments of the most modern styles of fittings from England and the United States. They extend a most cordial invitation to anyone interested in the artistic and beautiful in lighting effects, to visit their show-rooms in Adelaide street east.

A London Stage Success.

The London critics are enthusiastic in their praise of "My Lady Nicotine," the new ballet which is delighting the frequenters of the Alhambra.

Devotees of "My Lady Nicotine" are also enjoying another new London production which Lambert & Butler have introduced. This is the "Garlick" smoking tobacco, regarded by connoisseurs as the finest pipe-tobacco made. Sold by all first-class dealers throughout Canada at 75 cents per quarter-pound tin.

Automobiles at Auction.

An event of considerable importance to everyone interested in automobiles is announced for next Friday afternoon, when Charles M. Henderson & Co., the well-known auctioneers, will sell a consignment of high-grade autos at 25 Queen street east, Toronto. This is a very opportune time for such a sale, as it will enable people from out-of-town, who are here for the races, to be present and take advantage of this exceptional opportunity of purchasing an up-to-date automobile. It is not often that motor-cars are sold by auction, and when a chance like this does occur it should be taken advantage of by everyone who is in the market for a machine. The fact that Charles M. Henderson & Co. are conducting the sale is a guarantee of the fact that intending buyers will be afforded every consideration, and allowed thorough inspection of and information about each and every one of these high-grade autos, which, it is understood, are to be sold without reserve. Particulars of this important event will be found in the advertising columns of this paper.

To the Russian soldier the little brown man now looks to be about nine feet tall.

The Preacher—I was surprised to see your husband get up and walk out of church while I was preaching. *The Wife*—Oh, don't think anything of that! You know he's troubled with somnambulism!

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Births

BALDWIN—Toronto, May 9, Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin, a son.
BENCH—St. Catharines, May 1, Mrs. P. J. Bench, a son.
BYERS—Oakville, May 8, Mrs. J. R. Byers, a daughter.
DINSMORE—Toronto, May 5, Mrs. A. J. Dinsmore, a son.
DOW—Toronto, May 6, Mrs. W. J. Dow, a daughter.
JEFFRIES—Toronto, May 8, Mrs. W. O. Jeffries, a daughter.
MCLWRAITH—Binbrook, May 9, Mrs. D. G. McLwraith, a daughter.
PARKER—Buffalo, May 5, Mrs. Arthur O. Parker, a son.
SLEMIN—Toronto, May 9, Mrs. Frank V. Sleming, a daughter.
SMITH—Toronto, May 9, Mrs. Eustace Smith, a daughter.
SNEYD—Lancaster, May 8, Mrs. H. Sneyd, a daughter.
STEWART—Toronto, Mrs. Charles E. Stewart, a daughter.
TAYLOR—Winnipeg, April 20, Mrs. Edmund Taylor, a son.
THOMAS—Toronto, April 8, Mrs. F. S. Thomas, a son.
WATTS—Toronto, May 5, Mrs. W. R. Watts, a daughter.
WATTS—Toronto, May 8, Mrs. C. B. Watts, a daughter.

Marriages

CROFT—JUNKIN—At 165 Crescent road, Rosedale, May 3, by Rev. James Rankin, Hattie Roberta, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Junkin, to Mr. John Croft, son of the late William Croft of Oakbank, Rosedale.
TAYLOR—DEROCHE—On Wednesday, May 10, 1905, at St. Paul's Church, by Rev. Canon Cody, Marion Selina Taylor to Hammel M. P. Deroche of Napanee.
GRAY—PUTNAM—Toronto, May 10, Helen Harris Putnam to Samuel Morgan Gray.
HUGHES—DILWORTH—Toronto, May 10, Agnes May Dilworth to James A. Hughes.
KEBB—SCOTT—Toronto, May 8, Maggie Miller Scott to Robert William Kerr.
MCGILL—SPROAT—London, Eng., April 29, Eleanor Blanche Sproat to James McGill.

Deaths

AIKINS—Toronto, May 6, Mrs. Eliza Jane Aikins, aged 64 years.
ARCHIBALD—Cornwall, May 1, William Taylor Archibald, aged 86 years.
BAYLY—Toronto, May 5, Mrs. Catherine Bradshaw Bayly.
BEATON—Toronto, Mrs. Janet Beaton.
BISSELL—Medford, Mass., May 8, Mrs. H. Bissell.
BRENNAN—Toronto, May 6, Sister Mary, of the Immaculate Conception, Brennan, aged 59 years.
CHADWICK—York Mills, May 6, Mrs. George Chadwick, aged 38 years.
COOK—Toronto, May 7, Arthur Frederick Cook, aged 12 years.
DOHERTY—New Toronto, Jane Doherty.
EARLE—Greenore, May 6, Mrs. Alexander Earle.
FOOT—Toronto, May 10, Jeffery Foot, aged 57 years.
GARRATT—Toronto, May 9, Philip C. Garratt, aged 71 years.
GOULDING—Toronto, May 7, Maria Blanche Goulding, aged 24 years.
HALL—May 6, Caroline M. Hall.
HUME—Toronto, May 9, George Hume, aged 85 years.
JOHNSTON—Toronto, May 9, ex-Alderman Follis Johnston.
KEBB—Toronto, May 7, Mrs. Wilbur E. Kerr.
LAMBERT—Thornbury, May 3, George Lambert, aged 73 years.
LANDRELL—Toronto, May 10, Mrs. Annie McNeil Landrell, aged 66 years.
LOADS—Toronto Junction, May 7, James Loads, aged 67 years.
MCDONALD—Churchill, May 8, Mary M. McDonald.
MEDLAND—Bowmanville, May 7, Mrs. John Medland, aged 67 years.
MODERWELL—Stratford, May 6, Malcolm Cameron Moderwell, B.A., aged 62 years.
WEBSTER—Toronto, May 9, Mary Ellen (Nellie) Webster.
WOODS—At lot 24, concession 5, west of the Center road, Chincouacousy, April 29, John Woods, aged 73 years.

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